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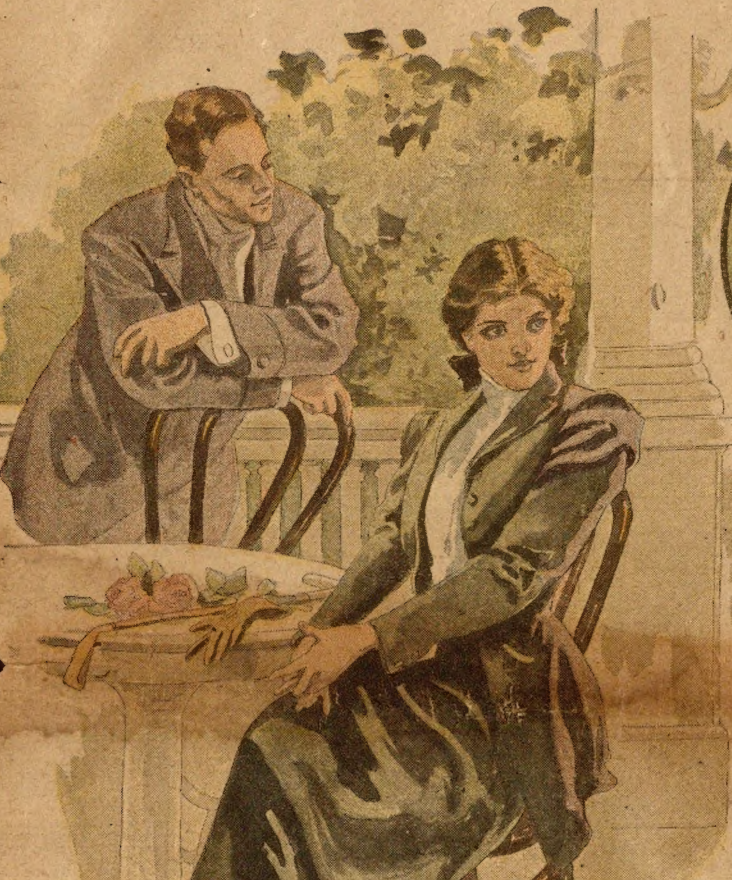
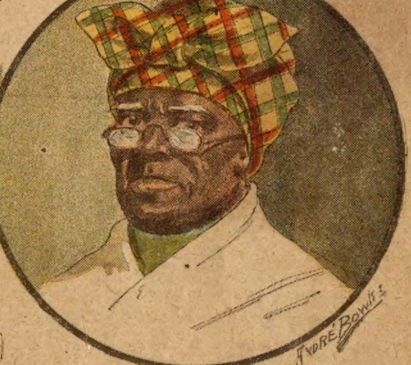
Her Mad Lover; Or, The False and the True

By Emma Howard Wight





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CHAPTER I.

THE SCAR.

THE girl, seated upon the snow-white pony, looked down half-smilingly at the two boys who stood beside her. The two upturned faces were wonderfully alike. The same fine-cut features, handsome dark eyes and curling chestnut hair. Both were slender, graceful, and upright in figure. They were about fifteen years of age, and as was evident from the resemblance between them, twins.

The girl was several years younger and bewitchingly pretty, with dark, velvety eyes, perfect dark eyebrows, and long curling lashes. Her complexion was rose-hued and a cloud of pale gold hair fell to her waist. She was well developed and perfectly formed.

There was eager expectancy in the eyes of the two boys as they stood looking up at her.

"I want you, Lucian, to go riding with me," she said.

The boy addressed as Lucian flushed with pleasure. The other boy bit his lips and his face darkened.

"I'll go get my pony and join you in five minutes," said Lucian.

He turned away. His brother looked after him for a moment, his face white with rage; then, stooping, he picked up a stone and flung it at Lucian's head, striking him and inflicting a deep cut.

The girl uttered a startled cry, then turned passionately upon the one who had thrown the stone.

"You are a coward, Andrew Pomeroy!" she cried.

The boy paled, looked sullenly from her to Lucian, who was trying to stanch, with his handkerchief the blood which flowed down his cheek, then turned and walked rapidly away.

"I despise a coward!" the girl called after him. Then she looked again at Lucian and her rose-leaf color faded. "Oh, the blood!" she cried. "Are you badly hurt, Lucian?"

"Don't look so frightened, Beryl; I am not much hurt," he replied, reassuringly. "It's the blood that frightens you. I'll go home and have Mammy stop the bleeding and bind up my head; then I'll get my pony and go with you."

Beryl, who looked pale and unnerved, shook her head.

"I don't care to go for a ride now," she declared. "I am going home. Do make haste to the house, Lucian, and have Mammy attend to your head."

"I am sorry we can't have our ride," the boy murmured, regretfully, as he turned in the direction of the white house gleaming through the trees.

The girl sat looking after him for a moment with anxious eyes, then touched the pony with her whip and rode on.

A stately-looking, middle-aged gentleman was seated upon the portico of the white house by a side door. An old colored woman was coming along the the hall. She was clad in a blue print dress, wore a spotless white apron and had a red bandana handkerchief on her head. She stopped with a startled exclamation at the sight of Lucian's blood-stained face.

'What done happened to you, honey?" she cried.

"My head is cut, Mammy," Lucian replied. "It want you to see to it, please."

"How you git cut dat way?" Mammy asked, as they went up the stairs.

"Andrew hit me with a stone," Lucian explained, a little reluctantly.

A troubled look crossed Mammy's face, but she said nothing more until they were in the bathroom and she was washing the blood from Lucian's face and head.

"What Marse Andrew hit you fo'?" she asked.

"He wanted to go riding with Beryl and she said she wanted me," Lucian explained. "Then he flew into one ob his rages, picked up a stone, and hit me on the head with it."

"Humph!" muttered Mammy. "Got mad 'ca'se he war jealous! Marse Andrew mighty mean when he's mad. Is you gwine to tell ole massa?"

The boy flushed indignantly.

"Of course not," he replied. "I am no telltale."

Something like an expression of relief passed over Mammy's dusky face.

"De ole massa he'd punish Marse Andrew putty severe ef he knowed 'bout dis heah," she declared, with conviction. She had washed away the blood and was examining the wound made by the sharp stone. "It am a putty deep cut. Gwine to leab a scar, I'se 'feared."

"Oh, well, my hair will hide it," said Lucian.

"Yes, you hair gwine to hide it, but it am a pity, fo' all dat," said Mammy, shaking her head. "Marse Andrew, he ought to be 'shamed ob hisse'f. Now, I'se put some cou't plaster on it and it'll do fo' today. You go lay down fo' a li'l' while. You looks pale and sickish."

"I am beginning to feel a little ill," Lucian admitted, as he turned to go out.

When she was alone Mammy sighed and shook her head.

"Dat boy's allers doin' som'p'n onnary. I wonder why I lubs Marse Andrew so much mo'n I lubs Marse Lucian?" she went on, musingly. "I done took keer dem bofe frum de day dey war bo'n, when po' mistis died. Marse Lucian, he war allers de bestest chile, nebber no trouble nor worry, while Marse Andrew allers in some badness or oder. Marse Lucian allers kind and nice-spoken, while Marse Andrew's got de debbil's own temper." She paused and sighed a little. "I'se studied 'bout it lots, but 'tain't one bit ob use trying' to find out de reason ob it. I allers has lubbed Marse Andrew mo'n Marse Lucian, and I reckon I allers will."

The door opened softly, almost stealthily, and Andrew came into the room.

Mammy turned swiftly upon him.

"Thar you is now!" she cried, sternly. "Been up to some mo' ob yo' debilment, crackin' ob Marse Lucian's hade wid a rock 'ca'se you jealous of him and Miss Beryl!"

He came up to her with a mixture of sullenness and sheepishness.

"I wanted to go riding with her, and she said she wanted Lucian," he muttered. "I got mad and hit him with a rock."

"Yaas and dat mean temper ob you'n gwine to git you inter trouble some ob dese days," declared Mammy, with an ominous shake of the head.

"I suppose he intends to tell father?" said Andrew, with a questioning glance, at Mammy, in which there was undisguised apprehenson.

"No, he don't nuther," Mammy exclaimed. "Marse Lucian ain't no mean telltale."

The boy drew a long breath of relief. He knew how severe his father could be and feared him. He crept close to Mammy and laid his hand coaxingly on her arm.

"Father's always hard on me," he said.

"I reckon he ain't no harder on you dan you deserve," declared Mammy, but her eyes and voice softened as she looked down upon the boy's appealing face. "You're allers do som'p'n' or oder to rile him." She laid her dusky hand caressingly upon his curly head. "Why dont you try to be mo' lak Marse Lucian, honey?"

He looked up at her with a mocking light in his eyes.

"Like Lucian?" he laughed. "Why, I am so like him that we can't be told apart."

The old woman sighed rather hopelessly.

"You knows what I mean, Marse Andrew," she said. "You and Marse Lucian am lak as two peas in a pod to look at, but you'se mighty duff'ent in ebery oder way, 'deed you is."

The boy stood silent for a moment or so, a thoughtful, troubled look on his face.

"Beryl Berry called me a coward when I hit Lucian with the rock," he murmured, "and she said she despised me." He threw up his head and his eyes lighted. "But I intend to marry her some day, just the same."

"Will you jest listen to dat now!" cried Mammy.

* * * * *

Beryl, on her snow-white pony, with her cloud of pale gold hair shining in the sunlight, rode rapidly along the road toward her home. The gray house stood in a grove of magnificent old trees from which it derived its name—the Oaks. It was only half a mile distant from Pomeroy Hall, the ancestral home of the Pomeroys. Both the Pomeroys and the Berrys were old, blue-blooded Virginian families.

Upon reaching home, Beryl turned her pony over to a half-grown colored boy, passed into the house, and entered a room on the ground floor.

A pale fair woman, with golden hair like Beryl's, lay upon a couch beside the window.

"Why, dear, you have returned soon!" she exclaimed, with a tender look at the girl as she came up to the couch.

Beryl bent over the couch and kissed her mother's pale cheek.

"I didn't go any farther than Pomeroy Hall, mamma," she said. "I met Lucian and Andrew. They both wanted to go riding with me. I wanted Lucian, and told him so. Andrew got very angry and hit Lucian with a rock."

Mrs. Berry looked shocked.

"Was Lucian hurt?" she asked solicitously.

"Yes," replied Beryl. "His head was badly cut. I called Andrew Pomeroy a coward, and I told him I despised him."

The pale, frail mother lay for a moment gazing with sad eyes up at the beautiful face of her young daughter. An invalid for years, she knew well that her frail hold on life was weakening day by day. What had the future in store for her beautiful child, soon to be left motherless?

"I am afraid you are right, my darling. Andrew Pomeroy is cruel and a coward," she said. She sighed and laid her thin, white hand tenderly, yearningly, on the girl's golden head, as she knelt beside the couch. "My child, I hope that Lucian Pomeroy will always be your choice of the two brothers."

Beryl smiled.

"Oh, yes, indeed, mamma; I shall always like Lucian better," she declared.

The mother sighed again as she met the girl's innocent eyes.

"Some day she will understand," she murmured to herself.

CHAPTER II.

"I LOVE YOU, LUCIAN."

Upon a lovely night in June, Beryl stood upon the portico at the Oaks, a faint, dreamy smile on her lips, a look of joyous expectancy in her dark eyes. Seven years had changed the lovely child into an exquisitely lovely woman, the unusual type of beauty—dark eyes, brows and lashes, with golden hair and perfect blonde coloring accentuating her charm.

The rose-bloom deepened on her cheeks as the tall, straight form of a young man crossed the lawn in the moonlight and came toward the house. With uncovered head and his handsome face all alight, he mounted the steps leading up to the portico.

"Beryl!" he murmured.

"Lucian!" She held out her hand to him. "I want to congratulate you. I hear that you have graduated from college with the highest honors." She hesitated for the space of an instant; then added, a little shyly, "I am very proud of you."

"I desire no sweeter praise, no dearer reward than those words from you," he said. "Beryl, in all that I may have achieved you were my inspiration, the thought of you has been my greatest incentive. It pleases me more than I can tell for you to say that you are proud of me, but there are other tenderer words I long to hear from your lips, words that would make me the happiest being on all this fair earth. I want to hear you say, 'Lucian, I love you.'" He paused. She stood with drooping eyes and rose-flushed cheeks. He went on in a voice thrilled with exquisite tenderness: "Beryl, I love you. I cannot remember the time when I did not love you, when you were not the dearest one in all the world to me. And you? Oh, my darling, my beloved, will you, can you say the words that will crown my life with joy and bliss unspeakable?"

She looked up at him, her lovely eyes soft and tender.

"I love you, Lucian," she murmured.

* * * * *

Mammy sat dozing in her comfortable rocking chair on the back porch in the moonlight.

"Mammy!"

She started and looked up. Andrew stood beside her, his face white and distorted.

"Marse Andrew, what ails you?" she cried, sitting up and staring at him.

He sank on his knees beside her, buried his face in her lap, and broke into a storm of tearless sobs. Mammy touched the bowed head softly, soothingly. She did not speak until he had grown calmer.

"Now, tell yo' ole Mammy what's griebin' ob you lak dis," she said. "Is you frettin' 'ca'se Marse Lucian done 'stinguished hisse'f at college and you didn't?"

He lifted his head and looked at her with a laugh so bitter, so mocking, so discordant, that Mammy involuntarily recoiled from him.

"Poor simple old Mammy!" he said. "As if I would grieve like this over such a thing as that! He has always been the goody-good, the exemplary one. He has always been my father's favorite; my father has never cared for me as he cared for him."

"I reckon dat's 'ca'se Marse Lucian ain't allers doin' some'p'n to rile ole massa," suggested Mammy.

"And now," continued Andrew, in low, concentrated tones, "he has come between me and the dearest hope of my life. He has won—her."

"Miss Beryl?" asked Mammy.

"Yes, I went to see her tonight. It had been months since I looked upon that bewitching face of hers, and the longing was more than I could bear. I had never seen her quite so lovely before. I did not know then, but," (through clenched teeth), "I know now what made her so wonderously lovely. I had not meant to tell her that I loved her. I meant to wait until——" he paused suddenly with a shadow like fear on his face.

"But you did tell her," interpolated Mammy.

"Yes." He passed his hand wearily over his brow as though to drive away some haunting fear, some brooding shadow. "She was so lovely, and I love her so madly, that I lost my head. I told her that I loved her, that there never was a time when I did not love her. She told me that it was useless, that she was sorry to give me pain, but that she loved Lucian, and had just a little while before promised to become his wife. She was gentle and kind, but the sight of her beauty maddened me and I rushed away."

"And yo' comed straight to yo' ole Mammy fo' to be comfo'ted, jest as you allers done in all you' troubles sence you war a li'l' tot," said the old darky, tenderly. She went up to him and laid a gentle, tender hand on his arm. "I knows it am hard to b'ar now, honey, but you gwine to git ober it arter while; you gwine to fo'git Miss Beryl, fall in lub wid another gal, marry her and be happy as de day is long."

"No, I shall never love another woman as I love her. She is the one woman in the world for me."

And the words of protest, of incredulity, died away on Mammy's lips. She felt that he was speaking the truth.

CHAPTER III.

BANISHED.

Austin Pomeroy sat in his library his gray head bowed upon his breast. The door opened, but he did not hear it; he did not look up.

Lucian crossed the room and laid his hand on his father's shoulder. Austin Pomeroy started and lifted his head, gazing dazedly into his son's face.

"Father, what is it?" cried Lucian, startled and appalled at the white look of suffering on his father's face.

"A great sorrow has befallen me, Lucian," Austin Pomeroy replied. "Disgrace threatens the name of Pomeroy."

"Disgrace?" repeated Lucian.

"Yes, your brother, Andrew Pomeroy, has been guilty of a crime. He has forged my name to a check for two thousand dollars. Would to God he had never been born!"

"I knew he was leading a fast life at college," said Lucian, after a moment. "I often tried to remonstrate with him, but he wouldn't listen, he simply resented what he termed my interference."

"He forged the check to obtain money to pay his gambling debt," Austin Pomeroy explained. "I know something of the wild life he led at college, and now it has culminated in crime."

At that moment the door opened and Andrew entered. He gave a swift, apprehensive glance from Lucian's troubled face to the pale, stern one of his father, and stopped, the words he was about to speak dying away on his lips.

Slowly Austin Pomeroy arose, steadily, ominously regarding his son. Beneath that look, stern as avenging fate, relentless as death, Andrew shrank and cowered.

"Andrew Pomeroy, you have been guilty of a crime, you have brought the first stain of dishonor upon the name you bear," said Austin Pomeroy. "You are no longer worthy to dwell in the home of your ancestors. I repudiate you. Go!" He pointed to the door. "You are no longer a son of mine!"

"Father!" cried Lucian, pleadingly, appealingly, but his father silenced him with a gesture.

Andrew's eyes lingered a moment upon his father's face; then, in silence, he turned away. He knew that no appeal of his for leniency would avail to alter that stern decree of banishment. He had offended against the strongest attribute of Austin Pomeroy's character—his pride. He had brought the first taint of dishonor upon the escutcheon of the Pomeroys, and he knew that his father would show him no mercy.

As the door closed upon him, Austin Pomeroy turned to Lucian.

"Henceforth I have but one son," he said.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RETURN.

A man stood leaning upon the gates leading into the grounds of the Oaks, his eyes turned toward the house, dimly visible through the trees. It was an evening in May, two years later.

A laborer, coming along the road from his work in the field, glanced at the motionless figure, lifted his cap and said: "Good evening, Mist' Lucian!"

The man started, turned, looked after the laborer, and laughed bitterly.

"He thought that I was Lucian," he muttered. "He mistook me, the outcast, the banished, for the master of Pomeroy Hall, the betrothed husband of Beryl Berry." A sigh, that was half a groan, left his lips. "I was a fool to come back here, to yield to a mad longing to look upon her face. For what will it avail me? My God! Why can I not forget her? Why has not the wild, reckless life I have led for the last two years blotted her image from my mind and heart? Am I fated to remember and to love her till I die? The woman who is as far out of my reach as the stars in the sky," lifting his eyes to the evening star that was glittering in the west. "Yes, I am a fool, a madman to come here!"

He stood irresolute for a moment. Then, as though yielding to some power too strong for him to resist, he opened the gate and walked quickly toward the house. Twilight had given place to darkness. A light flashed out from the drawingroom. Andrew crept up to the window and looked in. A groan, that was half an oath, left his lips at the sight which met his gaze.

On a couch near the window Lucian and Beryl were seated. His arm enfolded her, and her head rested upon his breast. He was looking down fondly upon her and her eyes, exquisitely tender, were uplifted to his face. She was speaking, and the listener shivered at the sound of the sweet voice which possessed such fatal power to move and thrill him.

"You really must go, Lucian?" she said.

"Yes, my darling," he replied. "I think that I ought to go. You see I own many acres of land in one of the mining districts in Virginia, upon which I am having prospecting done for coal. If coal is found, I want to organize a company to develop it."

"How long will you be away, Lucian?"

"Cannot say at present. It may be two weeks, and I may be away a month."

Andrew heard her give a soft sigh.

"A month would seem a very long time," she said.

Lucian drew her closer and kissed the lovely upturned face.

"It will be the longest month I have ever spent in my life," he declared. "But dearest, there will come a day when you and I will part no more. Beryl, when will you become my wife?"

The listener waited with quick-coming breath for her reply. It did not come at once.

"I will tell you upon your return," she said, at length.

The listener turned abruptly away and threw himself face-downward on the grass beneath the window.

"Fool! fool!" he murmured. "The longing to look upon her face was peace compared to that which I am now suffering."

How long he lay there he did not know. The lights were out in the room when he at length arose, and the window was shut. Andrew crossed the lawn, went out at the gate, and turned his steps in the direction of Pomeroy Hall. Lucian was master there. Austin Pomeroy had been dead a year. His will disinherited Andrew and left everything to Lucian.

A MEMORY.

I sit alone in my room tonight,
And think of her dear, sweet face---
Here, where I miss the tender light
Of her loveliness and grace.

I read her letters over again---
The letters she wrote last year;
The faded flowers in the folds remain
As her dear hand placed them there.

Ah, little she thought when these flowers she pressed
For the heart that adored her so,
They'd soon be here, above her breast,
And she, in the dark, below!

But the beat of her holy heart was stilled
Ere the voice in its depths could speak,
And the angel of death in his anger chilled
The rose of life on her cheek.

Why should I read her letters o'er?
Can they bring her back, as of old?
The hand that penned them can write no more---
The lips that kissed them are cold.

Dear! We shall meet when this life is past,
Under the dawn and dew,
And Life will break on my life at last,
When I dream in the dark with you.

The same jealous rage which had prompted him as a boy to hurl the rock at his brother's head possessed Andrew as he bent his steps in the direction of Pomeroy Hall. There was no definite purpose in his mind, only a savage longing to come face to face with his brother, to vent in some manner the insensate rage and mad hatred that were seething within him.

As he reached the gates of Pomeroy Hall, a dog-cart dashed by him, driven by a colored groom, with Lucian seated beside him. Andrew stood gazing after it with an oath upon his lips.

"I've missed him, curse him!" he muttered. "But he shan't escape me! I'll follow him, if need be, to the end of the world!" and he started in the direction taken by the dog-cart.

CHAPTER V.

THE CRIME.

Two passengers alighted as the evening train pulled up at Relief, a small station in the mountains of Virginia. One wore a light overcoat and a gray traveling cap, and carried a suitcase. The other wore a rather seedy suit of dark clothes and a soft gray hat pulled low over his brows.

The man in the light overcoat stepped briskly up to the station master and inquired how far it was to the town while the other man loitered in the background. The station master offered the information that it was two miles to the town, also called Relief, and that no vehicle was to be had.

"Then I suppose I shall have to walk," said the man in the light overcoat, "if you will be good enough to direct me."

"Just follow this road, sir," the station master directed. "It leads direct to the town."

Lucian Pomeroy thanked the man, and started off down the road.

The station master turned to the other passenger.

"Anything I can do for you, sir?" he asked.

"No, thank you," was the reply, and he walked away in the direction taken by the other man.

The station master stared after him.

"How much his voice sounded like that of the other chap," he exclaimed. "Gave me kind of a turn."

He would have been considerably more startled if he had seen the face hidden by the soft hat.

Andrew Pomeroy quickened his steps as soon as he had gotten a little distance from the station. The moon had risen, and he could see distinctly the figure of his brother a little in advance. At the sound of footsteps behind him, Lucian paused and turned to look back over his shoulder.

Andrew stepped up to him, pushing back the screening hat from his brow.

"Andrew?" cried Lucian, wondering and half incredulous.

"Yes, it is I!"

"I do not know how it has come to pass that me meet here on this lonely road," said Lucian. "But," holding out his hand with a smile, "will you shake hands with Andrew—brother?"

Andrew drew back.

"No, I will not shake your hand, Lucian Pomeroy," he said. "I hate you!"

Lucian's hand dropped to his side.

"Those are bitter words for one brother to hear from the lips of another," he said. "Why do you hate me, Andrew?"

"I have good cause, indeed, to hate you," was the reply. "You have robbed me of all that made life worth living—my birthright and the woman I love."

A slightly contemptuous smile passed over Lucian's lips.

"I have robbed you of nothing; I have wronged you in no way," he declared. "You forfeited your birthright by your own act. It is true that we both love the same woman, but I could not take from you what was not yours. She loves me, and you had no chance of winning her."

The words maddened Andrew.

"Curse you!" he cried, and lifting the heavy stick he carried, he brought it down with tremendous force upon Lucian's head, felling him to the ground, where he lay motionless.

Andrew tossed the stick into the thick undergrowth at the side of the road, gave a quick glance about him, and then knelt beside the motionless form of his brother.

"I wonder if I have killed him?" he muttered, with a shuddering glance at the death-white face, and blood-stained brow. He placed his hand over Lucian's heart. "I can't feel his heart beat! He must be dead!" He arose to his feet, his first impulse being to flee from the spot. But a sudden thought caused him to pause.

The greeting of the colored laborer at the gates of the Oaks flashed across his mind—the fellow who had mistaken him for his brother. Like lightning came the suggestion: Why not change identities with the dead man? His breath came hard and fast as he thought of the possibilities involved in the impersonation of his brother. He would not be alone in possession of Pomeroy Hall and the handsome income that went with it, but Beryl, the woman he so madly loved, would be his. Standing in the pale moonlight, beside the dead body of his brother, with the crime of murder fresh upon his soul, the brand of Cain upon his brow, that thought still had power to thrill him from head to foot and to make the blood leap madly through his veins. All irresolution vanished. A wild exultation, a mad ecstasy possessed him.

"I'll do it!" he cried aloud, his exultant voice ringing out strangely, weirdly, in the silence of night. "Is there anything I would not do to possess her?" and he flung himself on the ground beside the still form, and with trembling hands commenced to divest it of its outer garments.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PAST A BLANK.

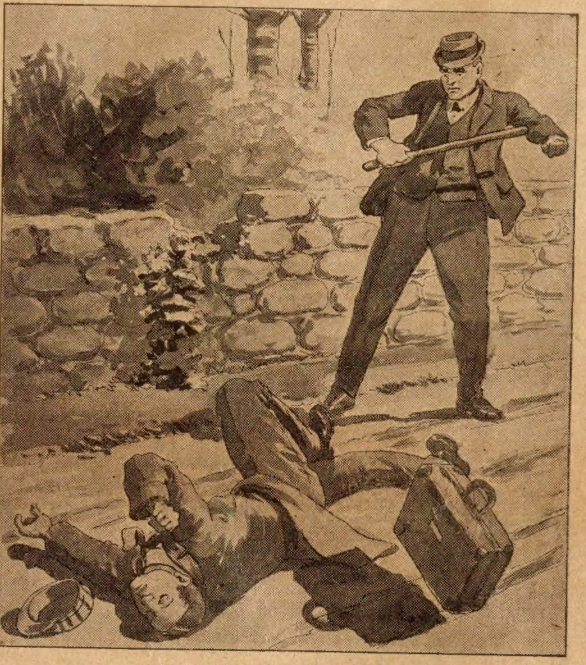
An hour or so later a girl was standing in the doorway of a frame house on the main street in the town of Relief, gazing a little anxiously in the direction of the road leading from the station. She was slender and pale, with dark gray eyes, to which a touch of pathos gave added beauty, and masses of black hair that looked too heavy for the small, graceful head and slim throat. Her face, while too pale for beauty, possessed a subtle charm.

"I wish father would come," she murmured. "I am growing anxious about him." The next moment she gave a sigh of relief as a spring wagon, driven by a middle-aged man, came along the rough street and stopped at the gate.

"How late you are, father," the girl exclaimed, as she came to the gate. She had a voice of rare sweetness, soft, gentle, and just a little plaintive. "I was becoming quite uneasy about you."

The next moment she started as she caught sight of the form of a man stretched at the bottom of the wagon.

"Don't be scared, Helen," Daniel Roddy said, as he sprang from the wagon and came to her side. "I found this poor fellow by the side of the road, about a quarter of a mile from the station."



"Curse you!" he cried.

"Is he dead?" she asked, with an awed look at the white face.

"No," Roddy replied. "I thought at first that he was dead, but I found that his heart was beating. He's had an ugly blow on the head. I'll carry him into the house, and then go for Dr. Spence."

Daniel Roddy, foreman of the Relief Coal Mines, was a powerfully built man, and he lifted Lucian from the wagon and carried him into the house with comparative ease, while Helen followed. Roddy laid Lucian upon a bed in one of the lower rooms.

"He looks mighty like a dead man," Roddy said, turning to his daughter. "Be you afeard to stay here, honey, while I go for the doctor?"

She shook her head.

"No, I am not in the least afraid, father," she replied.

Roddy went on out.

Helen crossed to the wash-stand, returning with a basin of water and a soft cloth. She bent over Lucian, and with great gentleness washed the blood from his forehead.

The strongest appeal to some women is through their compassion. Helen Roddy was essentially that type of woman, and along with the compassion that Lucian's condition awoke within her was born another feeling that was destined to strengthen and grow during the many days and the long silent nights she was to spend at his bedside.

For weeks Lucian hovered between life and death. When he was not lying in a stupor, he was raving in delirium. The blow on the head had caused concussion of the brain, and brain fever followed. Nothing was found upon the sick man to afford any clew as to his identity. Daniel Roddy and his daughter cared for and nursed him faithfully and untiringly. The words he spoke in his delirium were too incoherent and unintelligible to afford any clew as to who he was or where he came from. Helen, sitting at his bedside, listened with a strange pain at her heart to a woman's name most frequently upon his lips, a pretty, fanciful name—Beryl. And with what exquisite tenderness and unspeakable longing he spoke that name:

"How dearly he must love her!" Helen would murmur to herself, with a sigh that was half unconscious. "When he is well again, he will go back to her," and the thought brought with it a sickening pang.

The day came, at length, when Lucian, white, wan, and wasted, awoke perfectly conscious from the first restful sleep he had known in all these weary, pain-laden weeks. The first object upon which his eyes rested was the pale face of a woman who sat beside his bed. He gazed at her for a moment; then his eyes wandered about the plainly furnished room and came back to her face.

"What has happened? Where am I?" he asked weakly.

She started and looked at him more closely, with a faint color flushing her cheeks and a glad light in her eyes.

"Oh, you are better?" she cried.

"Better?" he repeated, vaguely. "Have I been ill?"

"Yes, very ill," she replied. "My father found you unconscious on the roadside where you had been struck down. The blow you received produced concussion of the brain.'

He looked at her wonderingly, uncomprehendingly.

"The blow I received," he murmured. "What blow?"

Before she had time to reply, the physician entered the room. He gave one glance at his patient, and then came up to the bed, exclaiming, cheerfully:

"Ah, you are all right now!" Then, as Lucian regarded him questioningly, he added: "I am your physician, Dr. Spence. You've had a very severe illness. I really didn't think that you'd pull through. I don't believe you would, either, if it hadn't been for Miss Helen here. She's nursed you faithfully from the very first."

Lucian looked from the physician to Helen.

"I am indeed very grateful," he said.

"You are in the house of Daniel Roddy at Relief," the physician explained. "You must have been on your way to town when you were struck down. Do you know who struck you?"

Lucian slowly shook his head.

"No," he replied.

"Did you not see him?"

"I—I cannot remember."

The physician began to regard him curiously.

"You will have to tell us who you are," he said, after a moment. "There is nothing found upon you to afford any clew to your identity. What is your name?"

Lucian did not at once reply. He appeared to be making some great mental effort. His brows were painfully contracted, drops of sweat stood on his pale brow.

Dr. Spence stood watching him keenly.

"I cannot tell you my name," Lucian at length replied, looking up helplessly into the physician's grave face. "I have forgotten it. I cannot tell you who I am, where I come from, where I was going when I was struck down, nor who it was that struck me. The past is to me a total blank."

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

* * *

HIS CHOICE.

"My aunt has been visiting me for several moons," remarked Stormaway. "She's going away tomorrow and I want to make her a little present. I thought a nice book would be about right, so if you have anything of a highly moral nature that would appeal to an old lady, dish it up."

"There's nothing wrong with 'Paradise Lost,'" replied the bookseller. "That's a standard work and most old ladies swear by it, whether they read it or not. I have a beautiful copy of that book and will make a low price on it."

"You seem to think I have a grudge against my aunt," objected Stormaway. "I want you to understand that she and I are on the best of terms, and I'm not planning to give her a book in order to carry out a vendetta. When I was a boy I had to read 'Paradise Lost' as a punishment when I played hooky or went fishing on Sunday and I used to beg my father to burn that book and wear out a red elm club on me. There may be literary fans who like Milton's guff, but I doubt it. I don't believe any man in full possession of his faculties could read three cantos of that stuff without wanting to set fire to the town hall. I like prose and I like poetry, but I'll be hanged if I like a cross between the two, and I won't ask my aunt to read anything that I draw the line at myself. If you haven't anything better than 'Paradise Lost' I'll go down to the city attorney's office and try to trade him out of a copy of the municipal ordinances."

"Oh, don't get excited. We have all sorts and conditions of books, and it'll be funny if I can't find something that will make your aunt feel twenty years younger. Here's a copy of Mrs. Hemans' poems. My wife, whose opinion on literary matters is worth consideration, as she has had several poems accepted by the Johnson County Vindicator, has a high opinion of Mrs. Hemans, and says she delivered the real goods."

"You can't work off any gold bricks of that sort on me, Mr. Quagmire, I read the literary encyclopedia a good deal, and it happens that I was reading a long story about Mrs. Hemans just the other night. There was something wrong with that woman, for her husband left her and the neighbors quit borrowing things from her. I read that article aloud, and my aunt pretty nearly threw a fit, she has such a horror of domestic scandals of all kinds. She comes of old Puritan stock, my aunt does and she still thinks that people should be burned at the stake if they get too swift. So you can imagine what would happen in my humble home if I bought a copy of Mrs. Hemans and offered it to that strictly virtuous old lady."

"Well, here's a copy of Wordsworth. There are no flies on Wordsworth. His moral character was above reproach and the highbrows say his poetry is the real thing. Some insist that he was the greatest of English poets. My wife dorses him strongly, and I have deal of respect for my wife's as she has contributed for Johnson——"

"Oh, hang the Johnson County cator! You never get through tal about that fool paper, which would better if it would print more news and less hogwash. But Wordsworth won't do. He was a tiresome old fraud, always writing about trees and haystacks and primroses and such things. There isn't anything in his poetry at all. I used to have to read it when I went to school and it set my teeth on edge as though I had been eating green apples.

"Now, here's just what I want—'Harry Tracy, the Bandit; or, Tracked to His Doom.' Why didn't you show me this in the first place? An old lady'll read a book like that and have something to preach about for the rest of her life. Wrap it up for me and charge it, and don't let me hear another word the Johnson County Vindicator."

* * *

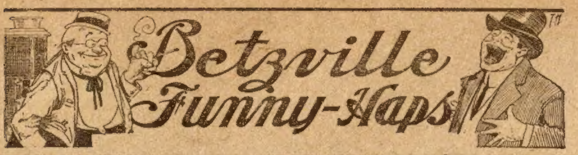
Hard in Winter

Kind Lady—You must hard time in winter.

Tramp (between mou deed, mum. Sometime fur a bite fur days, and mum.

"What do you fear at such times?"

"I'd be axed to shovel snow, mum."



CLUTE AND THE PIKE

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

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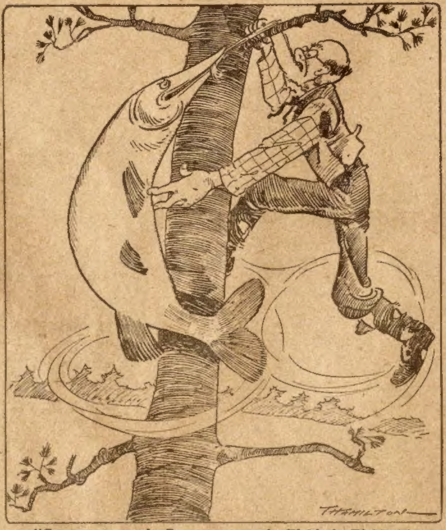

"Creepy mouse! Creepy mouse! Tickly! Tickly!"

It is a terrible thing to have a life-long enemy—so my Uncle Ashdod Clute of Betzville says—and we who have none should be thankful. Last Thursday Uncle Ashdod nearly perished through an enmity that culminated on that day.

When Uncle Ashdod was a boy of 11, he began fishing in Mud Creek, and the very first time he threw in his hook he caught a pike, but when he pulled it out it was such a thin, small miserable little skimp of a fish that he was as mad as hops, and he stood right up and told the pike what he thought of it, and then slammed it back into the creek, and thought no more about it. But that pike did. A pike is the most vindictive kind of fish; terribly vindictive; and never forgets an injury. Year after year that pike lay low and nursed its anger and planned revenge, and poor Uncle Ashdod knew nothing about it. He never suspected it in the least, he says. He would have treated that pike the same as he would have treated any other fish, if he had met it, he says.

Things went along that way for fifty-two years, with Uncle Ashdod Clute thinking nothing at all, and the pike gnawing its cankerous heart out for a chance of revenge, and last Thursday it thought it saw its chance.

There was Uncle Ashdod sitting on the bank of the creek with his pole stuck in the mud beside him, when suddenly there came a cloudburst a mile or so up the creek, and almost instantly the creek began to rise by leaps and bounds. Before Uncle Ashdod, who isn't as spry as he used to be, could get to his feet, the creek was up to his knees, and there in the water was the monstrous big pike dashing and slashing at him, with its jaws wide open, and leaping out of the water in a frenzied attempt to catch Uncle Ashdod by the neck and drag him down to death.

Any pike can leap like a deer, but this pike was a wonderful leaper, and Uncle Ashdod saw there was only one chance for his life, and that was to climb a tree. So he made a dash for a big pine and jumped for the lower limbs, and all the time the water was rising, and no matter how fast he climbed the tree, the water rose as fast, and there was the big pike right facing him and gnashing its teeth. Every moment the pike would make a leap, and before it could fall back into the water, the water would overtake it. In that way Uncle Ashdod climbed the tree, with the creek and the pike never three feet behind him, until it began to look as if he would run out of tree before the creek began to go down, and he knew that if he reached the top of the pine and the water kept on rising, the pike would swim in and complete the deed it had set its heart on.

But just as he reached the top, the water began to fall as rapidly as it had risen, and the pike gave one cry of futile anger and made a last enormous leap and grabbed Uncle Ashdod by his long gray whiskers, which were blowing out over the topmost limb, and at that moment Uncle Ashdod fainted and dropped. If it hadn't been for the pike, Uncle Ashdod would have been dashed to death, but once a pike gets hold, it is like a bulldog; it never lets go. So there they hung by his whiskers, one on one side of the limb and one on the other, like a pair of saddle-bags, until Uncle Ashdod recovered from his faint.

Then there was a terrible battle. Uncle Ashdod put up his hands and took a good hold of the limb, and began to kick the lower end of the pike, and the pike tightened its grip on Uncle Ashdod's whiskers and began to slash at his legs with its bony tail. It looked like about an even fight, for if Uncle Ashdod had boots on, the pike had tough scales, and there they fought, face to face. Uncle Ashdod said he never in his life saw anything so awful as the look in that pike's eyes as it hung there, breathing hard and lusting for murder.

Already Uncle Ashdod's boots were slashed to strips and every blow of the pike's tail was cutting him to the bone, while he hadn't seemed to make any impression on the tail of the pike, and he was giving himself up for lost. He didn't have a knife or any sort of weapon to aid him. And then, as a sort of last resort, he took one hand from the limb and tickled the pike in the the ribs.

Uncle Ashdod says he had never heard that pikes were ticklish, but he had never heard that they were not, either, and when a man is on the verge of death he will try anything as a last resort, so he thought he might as well try tickling the pike, as anything else.

Well, at first the pike seemed more amused than anything else. It sort of screwed up the corners of its mouth and grinned, but in a minute or two it began to chuckle inwardly. So Uncle Ashdod kept right on tickling it. He says it was the most weird thing he ever saw in his life, to see that pike chuckling away as if it was in the best humor and at the same time glaring at him hatefully with its eyes. So he tickled it a little harder, and it began to gasp between its teeth, but it did not loosen its hold on his beard in the least. So he tickled it a little harder and said: "Ketchy-ketchy-ketchy." Well, that was too much for that pike. Its sides began to heave and palpitate with laughter, and its tail curled up, and it tried to throw its head back the way a man does when he hears an awfully good one and is going to give a mighty hearty laugh, and it began to gasp.

When that happened, Uncle Ashdod says he began to have hope, and he pulled his finger back and sort of cork-screwed it toward the pike and said:

"Creepy mouse, creepy mouse, tickly, tickly, tickly!"

At the last "tickly" he says he dug his finger into the ribs of the pike, and the pike seemed simply to double all up with laughter, and suddenly it opened its mouth and shouted: "Ha! Ha! Ha!" and turned blue in the face and fell spang to the ground as dead as a door-nail.

Uncle Ashdod says that of course he hated to take life in that way, but he was sort of forced to do it in self-defense. I asked him what he really thought of the fight, and he said he was still too wrought up to say. I asked him what he thought the pike thought of a fight of that kind, and he said he guessed the pike liked it; he said the pike seemed tickled to death.

Look out for "Aunt Rhinocolura's Directoire Skirt" in next week's Ledger, another funny Betzville yarn. Don't miss any of them.

* * *

Imitation Silk.

In the manufacture of artificial silk, wood pulp from Norway is utilized, being shipped here in bales. This pulp is cut into thin sheets, each individual sheet is carefully weighed, and a certain quantity placed in a metal tank for chemical action under certain fixed temperatures which are not allowed to vary even one-half a degree.

When it is ready for final transformation into silk the solution closely resembles molasses in color and consistency. At this stage it is pumped from the tanks to thes pinning frames. Here specially constructed pumps are attached to each spindle, which carefully measure off the required quantity of the solution.

This is forced through tubes with an outlet containing just as many perforations as there are to be filaments in the thread. Through these it is passed to a tank running the length of the frame and containing a chemical mixture which fixes the solution instantaneously into a thread.

This strand is carried over a wheel down through a tube to a rapidly revolving spindle; the rate of speed is about 5,000 revolutions a minute. From this the strands are afterward unwound on reals into skeins. The air in the spinningroom is completely changed every three minutes, being pumped off through hoods placed over each of the spinning frames. This is done to remove any possible fumes and to provide thorough ventilation for the operators.

One of the interesting features in connection with the entire operation is the fact that the yarn is handled as little as possible. The specially constructed stoves and bleaching arrangements are ideal, and when the skeins are finally carried to the large dryingroom on the fifth floor one marvels at the change which has so rapidly taken place. From here they are taken to the sortingroom, where each individual skein is carefully examined by skilled operators.

* * *

Japanese Clothes.

Nearly every woman nowadays cherishes a Japanese gown for house wear without realizing how interesting a garment it is. The sleeves themselves have a curious history, the Evening Philadelphia Bulletin remarks: "From the middle of the sixteenth century they began to increase in length, and, especially those for young ladies, have extended till now they are from three to four feet. This stiyle known as furisode, became very fashionable.

The width of the obi, or sash, has also varied, at first from two and a half to three and a half inches, and to six, seven, eight and nine inches.

It is interesting to note that our own new fashions in sleeves and sashes originated among the common people of Japan, and from them was finally adopted by the upper classes. The young ladies of the Camuria class were the first to follow the popular styles in this respect, and the higher classes began to follow suit, until now these fashions prevail everywhere.

It is only from about the middle of the seventh century that the women of the lower classes began to wear the long haori, or overcoat, at present so common among all classes of both sexes. This garment was originally a duster worn by men to protect their clothes when outdoors, and was then called dofuku, or traveling coat.

Finally they came to be worn indoors, and the women adopted the garment. The upper classes in time followed the same custom, and now the haori is an indispensable part of the clothing to be worn on formal occasions, even in summer."

Develop the Bust

o Beauty Editor: I am so ashamed of my in bust that I want to ask you if there is any harmless way to develop it. My hips and the rest of my body are right for the present styles and I do not want them any larger, but my bust is so flat that I would try anything that gave hope of even three or four more inches development. MARY S.

The only thing I know of that will develop the bust without increasing the size of the hips, or without putting on flesh where not needed, is a prescription put up by The Dr. Kelly Co., especially for small and undeveloped breasts. It is the discovery of a woman physician whose practice was largely among her own sex and in most cases increases the bust measure four to six inches in a month. Send 10c to the Dr. Kelly Co., Dept. 92 L A, Buffalo, N. Y., and they will send you a trial package of the treatment without charge. This is said of great value in cases of arrested development of the bust and will give a full, form without anyone knowing that nt was used.

ers have told me that after the weaned, the breasts became ken, but the use of Dr. Kelly's them full and firm. Do not forms, as they never look bad effect upon the general ould I recommend ordinary onics, as they increase the and with the present styles the should be slender everywhere except a generously developed bust.

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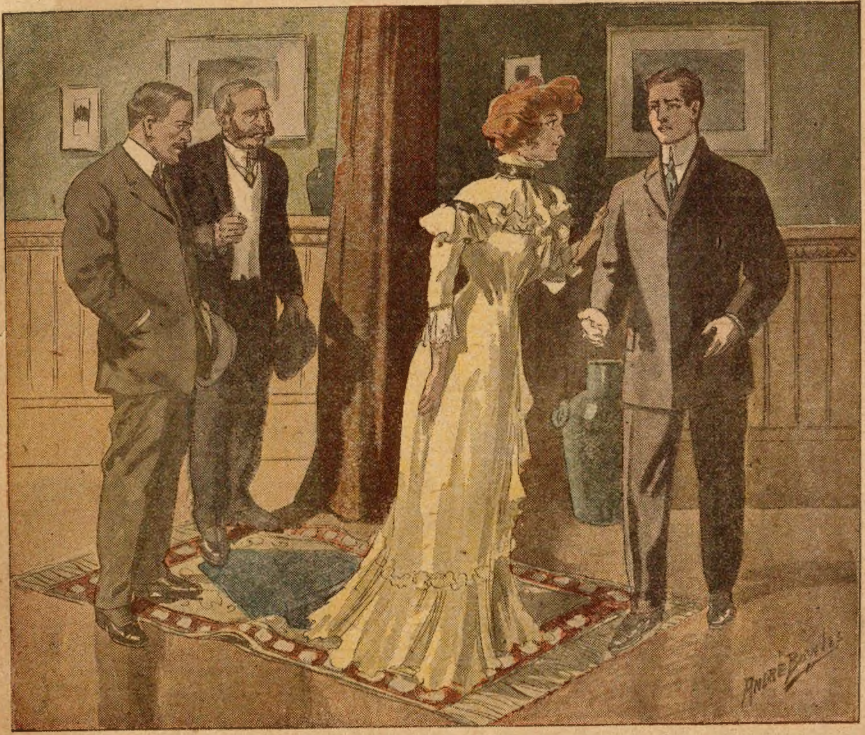
John Hamilton, Bigamist;

Or, A FATAL PASSION

By Katherine Howard



"John, here are two gentlemen who wish to see you."

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 47, Nov. 25. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

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CHAPTER V.

JUDGE Burrows, a fine-looking, portly man, with iron-gray hair and beard and dark eyes, like his daughter's, looked a little grave when the detective told him who he was and upon what he was engaged.

"I feel sorry for Blackburn," he declared. "There can be no question but that he was badly used. He was devoted to my daughter, and he was much attached to Hamilton. They treated him badly. I did not altogether approve of my daughter's taking the step she has; in fact, I tried to dissuade her, but," he shrugged his shoulders, "she was determined. I'll tell you all I know about this affair."

He went on to relate how his daughter had called him up on the morning of the 25th, told him that her husband was missing and what the coachman had seen and overheard the night before. He had gone at once to the Hamilton residence and found his daughter half wild from anxiety. Rawlings had taken him to the spot where he had seen the two men. A warrant was sworn out for Edward Blackburn on suspicion of having killed John Hamilton, but he was not to be found. He was traced as far as Marling, and there lost sight of.

"It's strange how suddenly and completely he seemed to drop out of sight," added Judge Burrows. "The police here were utterly baffled."

Detective Watson did not think that strange, but refrained from saying so. He merely remarked: "I'll go to Marling in a day or so."

"You'll find that the ground has been pretty well covered," said Judge Burrows. "Edward Blackburn left the train at Marling, and was last seen, apparently on his way to take a train at the station of a branch road. No man, however, answering his description, was seen to go from that station. By the way, there's a man who claims that he saw John Hamilton's ghost on the night he was killed. The man's name is Markell; he's a farmer living about five miles from town. He declares that on the night of May 24th, he was on his way home from town on horseback, and that he saw John Hamilton standing near the gate of the Blackburn residence. He said he spoke to him, but he made no response."

"At what time was that?"

"Markell claims it was twenty minutes after nine. According to the testimony of Rawlings and Edward Blackburn's statement as to the time he returned, John Hamilton was not alive at the time he was seen by Markell."

At that moment the clerk ushered into the office a man about fifty years of age, dressed as a well-to-do farmer.

"Excuse me, Judge, for disturbing you," he said, with a glance at Watson, "but there's a matter I want to see you about before starting for home. You are Mr. Hamilton's executor, I have heard?"

"I am," replied the Judge.

"I would like to get the deed for that river bottom land I bought from Mr. Hamilton. I paid the money for the land, $20,000, to Harkins, Mr. Hamilton's clerk, on the afternoon of May 24th," said the man.

"How did it happen that you paid the money, Mr. Wilson, and haven't got the deed?" asked Judge Burrows.

"Well, it was this way. I came in town that day, got the money, and went around to Mr. Hamilton's office to pay for the land and get the deed. Harkins told me that the deed was made, but it wasn't signed, that Mr. Hamilton had been away for two weeks, but was expected home that night. The bank was closed, and as I didn't care about carrying such a large sum of mone. home with me, I paid it to Harkins and got his receipt, telling him to have Mr. Hamilton send me the deed by mail. Harkins said he'd have the matter attended to as soon as Mr. Hamilton returned."

"What did Harkins do with the money?"

"He went into the private office and put it in the safe."

"Have you Harkins' receipt with you?"

The farmer took out his wallet, produced the receipt, and handed it to Judge Burrows. The latter looked it over and handed it back, saying: "That's all right, Mr. Wilson, but a new deed will have to be made. I will attend to it."

"Very well, Judge. Good morning," and the man left the office.

"Harkins must have deposited that $20,000 very early on the morning of the 25th," Judge Burrows remarked, thoughtfully. "I went through the safe, looking for certain papers, a little after ten o'clock, and there was no money in it at all. I'll call up Harkins and ask him about it."

As he reached for the receiver, a good-looking, well-groomed young man entered.

"I was about to call you up, Harkins," said Judge Burrows, "John Wilson was in here a few moments ago about that deed for that bottom land. It appears he paid the money for the land, $20,000, to you, on the afternoon of May 24th."

"Yes, sir, he did," the young man replied. "But I declare, I'd forgotten all about it until this moment. You found the money in the safe?"

"That is what I wished to see you about, Harkins," Judge Burrows declared. "The fact is, the money was not in the safe."

Harkins gave a start and looked at Judge Burrows with a bewildered expression.

"Not in the safe?" he repeated, incredulously. "Why, there must be some mistake."

"There is no mistake," said Judge Burrows, quietly.

"But I put the money in the safe," reiterated Harkins.

"I thought that possibly you had deposited it in the bank on the morning of the 25th before I opened the safe."

"No, sir, I did not. The shock of Mr. Hamilton's death put the money out of my mind entirely."

"The money must have been removed during the night of May 24th or in the early morning of May 25th," said Judge Hamilton.

"But who could have removed it?" cried Harkins. "The safe was not broken open, and no one knew the combination but Mr. Hamilton and—myself." His face went suddenly white. "My God, Judge! You don't suspect me of having taken the money?"

"I haven't got to the point of suspecting any one yet, Harkins," was the reply. "You are perfectly sure no one knew the combination of the safe but Mr. Hamilton and yourself?"

"I have never shown the combination to any one but you, Judge, and I am safe in asserting the same of Mr. Hamilton," the young man replied, very steadily.

"At what time did you leave the office on the evening of the 24th?"

"I left at about six o'clock."

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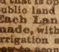

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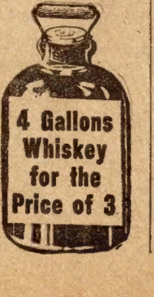

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"You carried a key to the office?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did any one else have a key besides yourself?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Hamilton had a key."

"Were you absent from the office any time during the afternoon after the money was paid to you by Wilson?"

"No; I was not away from the office until I left at six o'clock to go home."

"You locked up carefully as usual?"

"Yes, just as I always do."

"Did any one come into the office during the afternoon?"

"Yes, two persons came in: Miss Gibbons, Mr. Hamilton's stenographer, to ask when Mr. Hamilton would be back, and Mr. Blackburn."

"Mr. Blackburn!" exclaimed Judge Burrows.

"Yes, he came also to inquire when Mr. Hamilton would be back."

"I believe that is all for the present, Harkins," said Judge Burrown. "This gentleman," indicating Watson, "is a detective, and I'll put this matter in his hands."

"I hope, sir," said Harkins, addressing himself very earnestly to Watson, "that you will soon succeed in getting at the bottom of it." He went out, looking pale and troubled.

"I cannot believe that money was taken by Harkins," declared Judge Burrows. "He is a quiet, industrious young fellow of the most exemplary habits. I know that Hamilton trusted him implicitly. But where has the money gone. No one had access to the safe. Who could have taken it?"

"That is what we must try to find out," said the detective, as he arose to depart. "I observed that young man closely while you were questioning him, and I am convinced the money was not taken by him."

CHAPTER VI.

It was only a stone's throw from the office of Judge Burrows to that of Edward Blackburn. There was no one in the outer office as Detective Watson went in. He crossed to the door, leading into the private office, and opened it. A gray-haired man was sitting beside the desk, his head bowed dejectedly on his breast. He looked up, as the detective entered, and arose slowly. His face was pale and grief-worn.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked.

"I wish to see Mr. Blackburn," replied Detective Watson.

"Mr. Blackburn is not here, sir."

"You mean that he is out of town?"

"Yes, he is out of town."

"When do you expect him to return?"

It was a moment or so before the old clerk replied.

"I do not know just when he will return," he said, at length.

"You are Mr. Blackburn's clerk?"

"Yes." He looked a little curiously at the detective. "You wish to see Mr. Blackburn on a matter of business?"

"I certainly want to see him very much," Watson replied with truth. "Can you give me any idea when you expect him to return?"

The old clerk drew himself up and a sudden light flashed into his dull, sad eyes.

"I am looking for him any day," he said. "I don't know who you are, sir," he went on, "but you don't seem to know that Mr. Blackburn is under suspicion of having killed John Hamilton, the man who was once his best friend."

"Ah, I understand," said the detective. "Mr. Blackburn has gone away to avoid arrest?"

"That is what they say, but I do not believe it," replied the old clerk with exquisite loyalty. "I've served the Blackburns, father and son, for thirty years, and the blood that makes cowards does not run in thier veins."

"How do you account for Mr. Blackburn's absence?"

"I cannot account for it, but I am sure he has not run away, and that he will return and face his accusers."

"You are evidently very much attached to Mr. Blackburn and have great faith in him. So you are unable to see this matter from the standpoint that others do."

"I regard this matter from the standpoint of my knowledge of Edward Blackburn," Silas Simmons said, quietly. "I knew him as a boy, when I clerked in this very office for his father. I have served Edward Blackburn himself for twelve years. I know him to be honorable, upright, and courageous."

"Did you ever hear him express any ill feeling against John Hamilton?" asked Detective Watson.

"Never," was the prompt reply.

"I suppose you have no idea as to Mr. Blackburn's whereabouts?"

"I have not."

"Is Mr. Blackburn a man of violent or uncontrollable temper?"

"No; on the contrary, he is a very self-controlled man. He is a man with the keenest sense of honor and of justice. I have never known him to take a case unless he was himself convinced the man he was to defend was innocent."

"And what sort of a man was John Hamilton?"

"He was a false friend," replied Silas Simmons, "A man who betrayed, a man who could not be trusted."

The detective went away, musing upon all that Silas Simmons had said of Edward Blackburn. "A man is usually pretty well known by those who serve him," he thought. "Those who served Edward Blackburn love and honor him and believe in him. I can understand his killing the man who betrayed his trust, but if he is the sort of man his clerk and housekeeper represent him to be, I cannot understand his running away."

Detective Watson went from Edward Blackburn's office to police headquarters and was shown into the sanctum of the Chief of Police. That functionary was not inclined to be very communicative when he learned who his visitor was. He reiterated Judge Burrows' statement that Edward Blackburn had been traced to Marling and there all trace of him was lost.

Detective Watson started for Marling the next morning.

CHAPTER VII.

Marling was a town of about two thousand inhabitants, at the junction of two railroads. Watson found the conductor on whose train Edward Blackburn had traveled from Riverview to Marling. He had not taken much notice of this particular passenger, but he remembered that he wore a linen dust coat, a soft gray hat, and carried a satchel. The train, which was a local stopping at all the way stations, did not arrive at Marling until eleven-fifteen. The man in the linen duster had left the train at Marling.

Edward Blackburn had been seen a short distance from the branch station by a shopkeeper in Marling, who was returning from a business trip and was on his way home. He was the last person to see Edward Blackburn. It was at that point all trace of him was lost by the local police.

From the station master at the branch station Watson learned that no man answering the description of Edward Blackburn had taken a train that night or the day following. He claimed that he would have noticed and remembered him, as few passengers went from the branch station.

"What trains go from here after eleven-thirty at night?" asked the detective.

"There's a train at eleven-fifty," was the reply.

"Were there any passengers from here for that train on the night of May 24th?"

"Yes, two; a colored woman and a man."

"Describe the man."

"I didn't have time to take particular notice of him as he came up just as the train was about to pull out. He was a man about medium height and clean-shaven."

"How was he dressed?"

"In a black suit of clothes; he wore a straw hat with a black band."

"Had he a satchel?"

"Yes, I think he had."

"He didn't buy a ticket?"

"No, he hadn't time. He just made the train and that's all."

Detective Watson walked slowly back to Marling, reflecting. He went into a drug store where there was a telephone booth. He called up Judge Burrows at Riverview. The Judge was in his office and answered the telephone. The detective told Judge Burrows that it was Watson at the telephone, and inquired if Edward Blackburn was a man of medium height, clean-shaven. The reply was "yes."

Detective Watson replaced the receiver, passed out of the booth into the store, and ordered a glass of coca-cola. As he drank it, he reflected:

"I believe that the man in the black clothes, who took the eleven-thirty train at the branch station was Edward Blackburn. He made the change in his apparel after the shopkeeper saw him. He planned to reach the station just as the train was pulling out. While the police of Riverview were trying to trace a man wearing a linen dust coat and soft gray hat, Edward Blackburn was making his escape with that same linen dust coat and hat in his satchel. It was rather cleverly planned and carried out, and it worked all right with the local police of Riverview, as Edward

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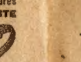

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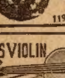

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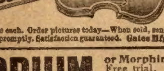

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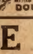

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Blackburn, from his professional knowledge of them, no doubt calculated. Now, to find out from the conductor of the eleven-fifty to what point Edward Blackburn paid his fare.

That afternoon Judge Burrows received the following telegram from Detective Watson:

"On the track of E. B. Send some one to Marling to go with me to identify him. WATSON."

Judge Burrows sat thinking for a moment or so, with the telegram in his hand. Then suddenly he started to his feet, exclaiming: "I will go with him."

CHAPTER VIII.

Three days later Judge Burrows and Detective Watson registered at a small hotel in a remote seashore town, called Beachley, to which place Edward Blackburn had been traced. Judge Burrows remained at the hotel while the detective went out to locate his man.

The Judge went out upon the hotel veranda and walked restlessly up and down, an unlighted cigar between his lips. He was conscious of no elation, not even of satisfaction, at the detective's success in tracing Edward Blackburn. He had always liked and admired him, and deep down in his heart he felt a great compassion for him. He shrank with positive dread from the thought that he must pronounce sentence upon Edward Blackburn if he were found guilty. And with circumstantial evidence so strong against him, Judge Burrows had but little doubt that he would be found guilty.

The detective was not long absent. Judge Burrows, when he saw him approaching, went quickly forward to meet him.

"Well?" he queried.

"I've located him," replied Detective Watson. "If you will come and identify him, I'll arrest him at once."

"I am ready to accompany you," said Judge Burrows, gravely.

"He is at a house in the town," the detective explained, as they walked away from the hotel.

The sea was only about a quarter of a mile distant, and in all his after life the sound of the waves breaking upon the beach always brought back vividly to Judge Burrows the shock and horror of that day. He was silent and grave as they walked along the quaint street of the town.

"Here is the house," said Detective Watson, stopping before a pretty white cottage, with a beautiful front yard filled with roses. He opened the low white gate, and Judge Burrows followed him up to the front door.

"I suppose it's no use to ask for him by his name," said the detective, as he lifted the old-fashioned knocker on the door. "It's more than probable that he's traveling under an assumed name at this time."

The door opened, and a young girl stood on the threshold. She was exquisitely lovely—a perfect blonde, with marvelous coloring, pale gold hair and slim figure, every movement of which was grace itself. She wore a white gown of some sheer fine material, with some rare lace about her throat and short sleeves.

There was silence for a moment. The detective and Judge Burrows were unprepared for such a vision of loveliness. They both removed their hats. She glanced at them inquiringly. The detective spoke:

"We would like to see the gentleman who is stopping in this house," he said.

She looked puzzled for the moment; then she smiled.

"I suppose it's my husband whom you wish to see?" she said.

"I think not," Detective Watson declared. "I mean the gentleman who came here about ten days ago."

"My husband came about that time," said the girl.

A man came in at a door at the further end of the small hall, pausing abruptly at the sight of the two men. The girl turned toward him.

"John, here are two gentlemen who wish to see you," she said, and passed into a room opening upon the hall.

The detective turned to Judge Burrows.

"Is that man Edward Blackburn?" he asked.

"No," replied Judge Burrows, his face pale and startled; "that man is John Hamilton."

"What!" cried the detective, turning swiftly toward the motionless figure at the farther end of the hall.

Then, very slowly, John Hamilton advanced to where they stood. His face was white, but he was strangely calm. He glanced at the door of the room which the girl had entered; then opening a door on the opposite side of the hall, he motioned the two men to enter.

"Come in," he said.

They obeyed in silence. He closed the door, and then turned and faced them.

"You, I presume, are a detective," he said, addressing himself to Watson.

Watson bowed. "That is my profession."

"You have traced to this place a man whom you believed to be Edward Blackburn?"

"I certainly was laboring under that impression," answered Watson, grimly.

"Edward Blackburn is dead," said John Hamilton.

"Then it was he who was thrown over the embankment into the river?" queried the detective.

"Yes, it was he."

"And your intention was to make it appear that it was you who were killed, not Edward Blackburn?"

"Yes, that was my intention," John Hamilton replied. He glanced curiously at Watson. "I might have carried it out successfully if I had had only the police of Riverview with whom to contend. You are much cleverer."

"Mr. Watson was employed by your wife to trace Edward Blackburn and bring him to justice," said Judge Burrows.

John Hamilton turned slowly toward him, a faint smile passing over his face, which had grown haggard and white since they had been in the room.

"What an irony of Fate!" he murmured.

"It is horrible to think of!" exclaimed Judge Burrows. "John Hamilton, that young girl, who speaks of you as her husband, what is she to you?"

"She believes herself to be my wife."

"My God! John Hamilton, who would have thought that you were such an infernal scoundrel!" cried Judge Burrows. "And my unfortunate daughter is your wife! She loved you, believed in you, grieves for you!"

"She would have been happier believing me dead, for she knew that I had ceased to love her," declared John Hamilton.

"I would to God that she need never know the truth!" exclaimed Judge Burrows. "Why did you kill Edward Blackburn?"

"I killed Edward Blackburn because he knew my secret," was the reply.

"What secret?" queried the detective.

John Hamilton motioned for them to be seated.

"I will tell you all," he said. Judge Burrows and the detective sat down. John Hamilton seated himself near them. "A mad infatuation, a wild passion for a woman's beauty, developing later into a consuming love, changed the entire world for me," John Hamilton began. "You have seen her. You can judge for yourselves how lovely she is. And she is as pure and good as she is beautiful." He paused a moment. "It was three years ago that I saw her for the first time. I was on a train. I lifted my eyes from the newspaper I was reading, and they rested upon the loveliest face I had ever seen. It charmed, enthralled me. When she left the train at this place, I left it also. I had no difficulty in ascertaining who she was and all about her. Her name was Gladys Moore, she was an orphan living with a maiden aunt. I will not go into details of how I got to know them. My mad passion for Gladys mastered me. She grew to love me. There was only one way in which she could be mine—to make her believe she was my wife. I went through the form of marriage with her. After she was mine I was as mad about her as ever. Nothing else mattered. I longed to shake myself free from the old life. It had grown wearisome, irksome to me. I had but one desire—to be always with Gladys. The way seemed suddenly open to me as I stood looking down upon the rushing river that had swallowed up Edward Blackburn—the river that never gives up its dead. It flashed upon me that I could make it appear that it was I who was killed, and thus I could efface myself. How I endeavored to carry this out you both know."

"You went to your office and took $20,000 from the safe, did you not?" asked the detective.

"Yes," John Hamilton replied. "I was agreeably surprised to find so large a sum."

"Did it cause you no regret to give up the wealth you had spent years in accumulating?" asked Detective Watson, curiously.

"No," replied John Hamilton. "I intended to make another fortune for—Gladys. In a few days we would have been far away from here."

He arose abruptly walked to the window, and stood for a moment or so looking out.

"Edward Blackburn came to this vicinity on business," he continued, returning. "He saw me riding with Gladys and made inquiries. When I met him that night on the River Road, he told me he knew all, he called me a scoundrel." Again that strange smile flitted across his haggard face. "I asked him what he intended doing. He replied that I must return to my allegiance to my wife and give up Gladys, or he would tell Gladys the truth. Then I sprang upon him, and forced him over the embankment."

With a gesture of intolerance and disgust, Judge Burrows started to his feet.

"Mr. Watson," he said, pointing to John Hamilton, "that man is a bigamist and a murderer! Arrest him!"

"You will never take me from this house alive," said John Hamilton, quietly. "I have taken poison."

Judge Burrows and Detective Watson sat in the same room as the gray dawn was breaking.

In a room above, the girl, who believed herself to be John Hamilton's wife, crouched in mute anguish beside his dead body. He had taken some subtle poison and had died suddenly and painlessly—of heart disease, according to the village doctor's diagnosis.

(Continued on page eighteen.)

THIS ELEGANT BLACK PONY SKIN PLUSH COAT $5.95

This swell, handsome garment is made of Chase's best quality, heavy black pony skin plush, of rich and changeless finish. Looks exactly like a $50.00 Genuine Pony Skin Coat. Takes an expert to tell them apart. It's latest Paris design for Winter, 1912. A strikingly handsome, finely tailored garment, made in the charming, shapely, semi-fitting model, with large, handsome, deep shawl collar, latest turn-back cuffs; deep vents in side seams; elegant large art buttons. Full lined with beautiful satin merceri'd sateen, 52 in. long. Sizes 34 to 44 in. bust measure. Wt. 7¼ lbs. SEND $1.00 DEPOSIT give size wanted and we will send you this elegant, extra quality, black pony skin plush coat, C. O. D. by express subject to examination. The balance, $4.95 and express charges you pay the agent after you find the coat perfectly satisfactory, as swell and handsome a coat as you ever saw and the equal in appearance of any $50.00 genuine pony skin coat, otherwise refuse to take it. It will be returned at our expense and we will promptly refund your $1.00. Order the coat today or write for our BIG FREE SPECIAL FASHION BOOK which shows over 1,000 elegant pictures of rare and beautiful Fall and Winter garments at wonder prices. Women's and misses' coats $3.95 up, suits $4.90 up, dresses $2.25 up, skirts $1.98 up, petticoats 50c up, waists 45c up, and immense assortments of dainty muslin underwear and children's and infants' garments and shawls at startlingly low prices. We are headquarters for ladies', misses' and children's FURS OF ALL KINDS at below regular wholesale prices. Full line shown in the SPECIAL FASHION BOOK.

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ELEGANT THIN MODEL
WATCH

This is not a cheap Dollar Watch, with a clock movement and paper dial. It is a real watch, with a jeweled lever escapement and a white porcelain dial of the very best quality. Any man or boy would be pleased to carry one of these watches. A new, 12 size thin model, the size a boy or young man should carry. Solid nickel silver case, stem wind and set, beautifully engraved stag on back and guaranteed for 10 years.

FOB A beautiful gold stamped leather fob and charm will be included with the watch if you are prompt. This is in addition to the handsome watch and is yours merely for being prompt. Write today! NOW!! All that I ask is a small favor of you in return for what I am to give you. A little easy pleasant work, that any boy, girl or woman can do. R. A. ORRICK, Mgr., 38 Friend Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

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We desire a physician's statement before ac ing patients. Reservations for accommodati be made in advance. Recourse to for no longer necessary. Ample evid this contention on application to

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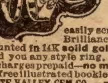

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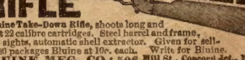
See Them BEFORE Pay These gems are chemical wh sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices & ring measure WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., M 750 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana



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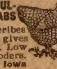

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Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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The advertising rate is $1.85 per Agate Line per issue. About eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in THE SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

875,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Most of a man's troubles wear petticoats.

Some people are too good to be interesting.

Every time you meet a grouch hand it a lemon.

A man's idea of a good joke is one that he tells himself.

Speech enables a woman to conceal what she really thinks.

Give a busy man a circus pass and he will find time to use it.

It is often too late to realize that it is never too late to mend.

Success doesn't turn a man's head—if he has a very stiff neck.

All men are ambitious. Some are ambitious to live without work.

When money is tight it prevents a lot of men from becoming so.

Even marriage sometimes turns out to be an agreeable disappointment.

A woman may consider a man a good match who can't even match a ribbon.

When some men drop a hint it sounds like a ton of coal going down a chute.

Being married to a strenuous woman prevents a man from living the simple life.

It is better to owe some people a
rudge than to have them owe you

strong minded man is apt to
ctly what the woman in the case
him to do.

a girl meets a man who doesn't ad-
re her she imagines that he is a con-
rmed woman hater.

How our faces do worry us! With a woman it's her complexion and with a man it's his whiskers.

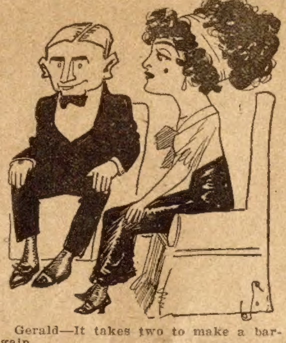
At the age of three score and ten a man begins to notice that it's up to him to be his own best friend.

When a woman says, "There's no use talking," she means that you might as well shut up and give her a chance.

Tell the average man a joke and he will say "That reminds me." Then he'll get busy and you will have to listen, and it serves you right.

Many an innocent youth has taken a young widow by the hand and prattled of love, in a spirit of fun, only to find
ng the parson with her later.

PICKLED PEPPERS



Gerald—It takes two to make a bargain.

Geraldine—Two and the minister and then there are the witnesses.

*

Responsive Treatment.

There were unmistakable groans coming from underneath the Bilkins library window, and Dobson, who was spending a week-end on the Bilkins farm, upon investigation of the blood-curdling sounds, discovered that they were coming from the Bilkins donkey, a gray-haired old reprobate belonging to the consuming, rather than the producing class. The beast was standing out on the lawn emitting the most strident sounds.

"What the dickens is the matter with that donkey of yours Bilkins? Is he sick?" asked Dobson, gazing at the animal with an expression of mingled contempt and pity.

"No, he isn't sick," said Bilkins. "Why on earth should you think he was sick?"

"Why, he's groaning like thunder out there!" said Dobson. "He doesn't do that just for fun, does he?"

"O, that's it, eh?" laughed Bilkins. "Well, don't you worry. He's all right. You see, six weeks ago, when we first came down, just about this time of the morning he had an attack of colic, and having nothing else to dose him with I gave him a tumblerful of Scotch whisky, and the little cuss has come groaning under my window at this time of day every morning since. He gets over it after a few ineffectual spasms."

*

Almost Present.

Terrible as it is to be slain in battle, there is one thing the soldier fears worse, declares a veteran. That is to miss the honor of taking part in a great battle and to die ingloriously at home, when his country needs him. An artilleryman from Michigan brought this out during the Civil War.

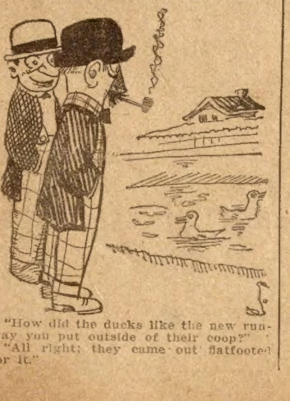
The man had only just gone to the front and had seen no real fighting. One day while on the march he fell and was run over by the gun carriage. He was so badly crushed that, sorely against his will, he had to be furloughed and sent home.

While he lay in bed under the doctor's care the battle of Gettysburg was fought. The man feared he would die, and keenly regretted that, since he must go, it could not have been on that glorious field. He called upon the doctor to hear his last request.

"Doctor, if I go, promise me this. My stone shall bear these words: 'Killed at Gettysburg in the front of battle.'"

"But you weren't," objected the physician.

"I know. But it wasn't my fault. If you can't say that, then say, 'Killed at Gettysburg—during a temporary absence at Brookfield, Mich.'"



"How did the ducks like the new runway you put outside of their coop?"

"All right; they came out flatfooted for it."

*

Rising Financier.

The old man was perched upon a high stool, figuring up the day's sales of dry goods, groceries and hardware, when his son came in with a rush.

"Say, pop," exclaimed the young man, "if I can buy a $300 horse for $150 will you take a chattel mortgage on him and help me out with the cash?"

"What kind of a hoss, my son?" inquired the father, cautiously.

"Bay, 4 years old, sixteen hands high, weighs 1,000 pounds, and sound in wind, limb and feet."

"That sounds good to me, my son, and I want to do all I can to help you along in the world," and he reached down into the safe for his roll. "How much do you want?"

"A hundred and forty-nine, fifty."

The old man gasped and caught hold of the desk.

"What?" he exclaimed.

"A hundred and forty-nine, fifty. I've got a half dollar."

Slowly the old man shoved the roll back into the safe.

"My son," he said softly, "you are wasting time trading hosses. What you ought to do is to go into the loan and trust business."

*

A Smart Young Man.

Smart Young Man—Good morning, Mr. Bullion!

Mr. Bullion (irascible old gent)—Um—ah! Good morning. Remarkable dog you have with you.

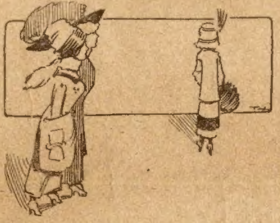
"Ya-as; Siberian bloodhound; terribly savage; takes this ox chain to hold him. If any one should even look cross at me this dog would tear him to pieces—yes, indeed. I'm going to have him killed. Too dangerous, you know."

"I should say so."

"Ya-as; must do it in the interest of humanity, you know. By the way, Mr. Bullion, your daughter has accepted me, and I have called to ask your consent."

He got it.

*



Ethel—Bella told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.

Madge—She's a mean thing! I told her not to tell you.

Ethel—Well! I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did.

Celebrated Chinese Doctor Offers Treatment of Native Herbs Absolutely Free

To one man or woman in each locality will be given, free, a proof treatment of Dr. Low S. Tin's wonderful Chinese Roots, Barks and Herbs. This proof treatment, which is offered without one cent of cost, has been used in China for over four thousand years and has cured more men and women than any known treatment now in existence. To prove what this wonderful treatment will do, Dr. Tin is offering a free treatment so that the skeptical may see and the doubters be convinced.

A cured patient is a doctor's best advertisement.

No matter how many other treatments you have tried; no matter how many other doctors have failed, Dr. Tin stands ready to prove to you at his own expense that his remedies will do the work. Sit down NOW and write Dr. Low S. Tin, 618 West-News Building, Denver, Colorado, telling him in your own words just how you feel and from what you suffer most. He will then send you a treatment prepared to meet the requirements of your case, and which will convince you that you are not in the incurable state, but can and will be cured. This treatment will be sent to you in a plain wrapper with the postage paid.

Don't put this matter off until tomorrow just because there isn't paper or pencil handy. Look one up now and write immediately. This is YOUR opportunity to get well. Don't waste it.

This FREE Recipe Cures Weak Men

If you are suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory, or lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, and you have become discouraged and disheartened by repeated failures, and wish to be restored to health, strength, and vigor, write me today and I will send you this invigorating Prescription in a plain sealed envelope FREE OF CHARGE, so that you can cure yourself at home privately, and thus banish all your troubles. I have used this prescription in my practice for over twenty years, and I have proof that it reaches the seat of the trouble, and sets it bubbling with new life. Write today and receive it FREE. Address DR. FRANKLIN ROBERTS, No. 125 Butler Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED

Mrs. J. Kay, Room 2, Haymarket Building, Chicago, Ill., will send absolutely free prescription for her inexpensive and harmless Tobacco Cure, which has cured thousands of the tobacco habit. Any druggist can put it up.

Whiskey Prices Smashed!!!

Lackland
100 Proof
Straight Kentucky Whiskey
Lackland Dist. Co.

The record-breaking success of our Emergency Slaughter Sale of **Old Lackland 100 Proof Straight Kentucky Whiskey** has convinced us that what we thought was a hardship has really turned out a "blessing in disguise." A whirlwind of orders swept in from cities, towns and farms. Hundreds of new customers, who took advantage of our wonderful offer, we are positive will become regular customers after testing our famous **Old Lackland 100 Proof Straight Kentucky Whiskey.** While we lost $1.40 on every order, yet we were actually gainers, because we believe that we can afford to charge this loss to advertising, and will regain money sacrificed during next 12 months.

So we are going to repeat this offer, and keep on doing so at a big loss just as long as we can keep on adding droves of new customers to our list of well satisfied patrons. Here is the offer that created the big sensation of the year in whiskey trade circles.

Send us **$4.15** and we will at once ship you, by **express, charges paid,** one box securely packed containing **12 Full 16-Ounce Bottles Lackland 100 Proof Straight Kentucky Whiskey guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law** and pronounced by expert judges to be the purest, most wholesome, delicious whiskey ever distilled. When the box reaches you, drink one full bottle to test the taste, strength and rare mellow qualities of **"Old Lackland,"** and if you fail to pronounce it absolutely the finest whiskey you ever drank, return the other 11 bottles and we will refund your money at once. We know that if you will try **"Old Lackland"** you will always want it, and must order from us in the future. Remember, you get **100 Proof Straight Kentucky Whiskey** for less than 35c a bottle delivered! But you must act promptly. At this phenomenal price, the goods will go like wildfire. Goods now ready for immediate shipment. Remember, we are selling $5.55 worth of these guaranteed, 100-proof goods at only $4.15. When the sale ceases, the regular price will be restored. Make remittances by Money Order, Registered Currency or draft direct to us.

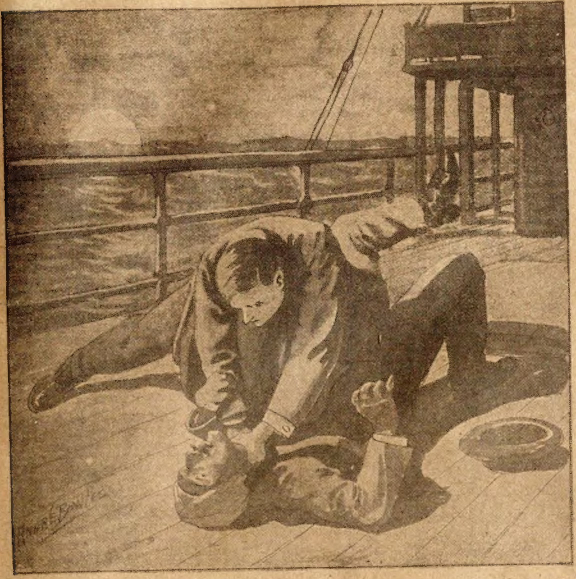
Orders from Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada, California, Idaho, Montana, N. Dakota, Oregon, Utah, Washington and Wyoming by express prepaid, call for $1.20 additional.

LACKLAND DISTILLING COMPANY, Mail Dept E **ST. LOUIS, MO.**

THE RAJAH BLUE;

Or, A Daughter's Daring

By RHUDDLAN MARSH



I pinned him down.

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CHAPTER IV.

TWO days later, when the ship was on the blue waters of the Gulf Stream, I got over being seasick and crawled up on deck. Miss Emmett joined me there and laughed at my woebegone appearance.

"Josh away," I said. "Maybe you don't know how it feels to be seasick?"

"Don't I!"

"Do you?"

"Well I should say I did!" She turned her smiling eyes toward me. "When I first crossed the Pacific——"

I saw the smile freeze upon her face. She was looking past me, down the deck, where passengers were beginning to gather in the warm sun. She put out a trembling hand that seemed to seek mine for protection.

"Don't look!" she said in a low voice. Then, bending close to me, she went on: "The other one is on the ship!"

I gathered the fluttering little hand in mine, not thinking what I did, and for a time we sat thus without saying a word.

A moment before we had been light-hearted in the belief that we had before us at least four days of quiet on the summer sea—and now the shadow had fallen upon us even in mid-Atlantic. The girl's face grew sad and anxious. Tears began to gather in her eyes.

"Oh, but I'm silly!" she said. "But I had hoped that we were to have a few days of rest."

Then she looked down and saw where her hand was, and blushed a little, I looked at it, too, as though I hadn't noticed it before, and I also blushed a little, I think. But I hated to see the hand taken away, as it was, very gently, a moment later.

I turned from the wind, ostensibly to light a cigar, and looked down the deck. As I did so my eyes looked squarely into the black orbs of a bronze-faced man leaning against the rail, fifty feet or more away. This one was dressed with the same super-genteel neatness that had marked the one I had seen in New York, but otherwise his was a very different personality from that of his accomplice. He was big for a Hindu, and there was something malignant about his face not usual with one of his race. He looked into my eyes without winking until I turned away. I began to experience the strange perturbation of which Miss Emmett had complained.

"Let's go astern," I said, and arose. Miss Emmett rose also, and together we sauntered aft. When we were out of the Hindu's sight we paused and leaned over the rail. Presently I looked into the girl's eyes. They met mine confidingly. I was tempted to tell her all that was in my mind, but I thought better of it. I concluded that it would only worry her to no purpose. I learned afterward however, that she guessed what was in my mind.

Late that night I went far forward, and sitting in the shadow of the big steam windlass used in handling the ship's great anchors, I lit my pipe and turned the whole queer business over in my mind. The mystery was growing deeper. If the two thugs had secured the Rajah Blue after having murdered Rajadasa in Pittsburgh, why were they so doggedly following us? We had no more diamonds—we had only the worthless blue sapphire, and they did not even know of the existence of the blue sapphire. There was really no logical reason why they should be following us, so far as I could see. Then came to me the thought that, after all, they might have failed to find the diamond on Rajadasa's person—or rather, in Rajadasa's person—and were pursuing us in the belief that Miss Emmett still had the stone. The thought chilled me to the marrow. I felt impelled to rush off and stand guard before the little girl's stateroom. The more I thought about it the more likely it appeared to me that the thugs were still looking for the blue stone.

And last my mind came around, as it generally did in that connection, to the memory of the bloody saber I had found swinging from a nail in the wall of a dingy little room in Pittsburgh. That was the most astonishing mystery of all.

I must have sat there a good while. I smoked two or three pipes, and was just deciding to turn in, when I began to feel a queer sense of uneasiness. It was the same mysterious feeling that had come over me in the afternoon when I was looking into the eyes of the Hindu. My head began to real, and I began to wonder in a vague sort of a way if I was being hypnotized. Then I raised my hand to take my pipe from my mouth.

If I hadn't raised my hand to my pipe at just that particular moment I wouldn't be in these parts now telling this story. This story would have stopped short right then, in so far as it concerned me. For as my hand went up a silken noose went over my head and was drawn tight against my wrist in front and the back of my neck behind. My arm saved my Adam's apple.

The moment I felt the silk my head cleared. I knew just what was happening—and I remember thinking it queer, that, in these latter days, the thugs' mainstay was still the silken noose of their fathers. Also, I remember thinking that if the beggar didn't stick a knife into my ribs from behind, I would soon settle his hash.

The palm of my hand was against my chin. In the hundredth part of the time I have taken to tell about what went through my mind in that brief moment, I had braced my hand against my chin, and with a quick movement outward and upward, had freed myself from the coil of the noose. Then I fell upon the dazed Hindu.

He was a big man and a strong man, as Orientals go, and he gave me a great deal of trouble, but he really hadn't a chance after the first minute, during which he came within a hair's breadth of getting my throat with a knife which he had whipped out as I turned upon him. But I got the wrist of the hand that held the knife, and crushed the fingers against the base of the windlass, sending the weapon whirling from the Hindu's grasp. Then I went for him scientifically, and after five minutes of pretty stiff wrestling I pinned him with the hammerlock.

While I held him thus and panted to get my breath back, I looked out across the water and saw a big star twinkling low down along the horizon—I looked up and saw the red glow of the port light of the boat—saw the silhouette of the mate pacing along the bridge with his night-glass under his arm—saw the dim forms of a few passengers lingering by the rail of the first cabin deck. I listened—and heard nothing but the steady wash of the water rolling back from the bow of the boat. Then, like the clutch of a cold hand at my heart, it came over me that now was the time—come sooner than I had bargained for. Five human tigers were to be killed. Now one of the five was in my power, caught in the act of attempting my life. I looked about me again. No one had seen the struggle. We were lying in the shadow of the big windlass.

Suddenly I tightened my hold. I heard the Hindu give a little gasp of pain. Then, before he could recover himself, I brought him up standing, whirled him off his feet and over my shoulder into the Atlantic. He went over the rail head foremost, turned a somersault in the air, and struck the water feet down. He disappeared like a plummet. I hung on the rail, panting, and watched the place where I had seen him go down. His corpse was drifting miles astern, perhaps, before I finally turned my eyes from the hissing water below and staggered toward the stair. Then I found I had something hard and gritty in my mouth. I spat out two or three pieces of amber. I had bitten off the stem of my pipe.

I remembered the knife and the noose after I had reached my room, and had to go back and secure them. I threw the knife into the sea. Going back was almost as terrible as the killing itself, but I finally accomplished my mission and gained my room again without exciting the suspicion of the watch.

Next morning, after breakfast, I went on deck and stood by the rail, red-eyed and miserable. It is a terrible thing to kill a man, even if you feel that the circumstances justify the deed, and I had not been able to sleep a wink all night. I was glad to get into the sun again, where I could wash off the horrors of the night in its warm rays. After a bit, while I was idly watching a porpoise rushing along by the side of the ship at an easy eighteen knots an hour, I became aware that some one was beside me. I looked about and saw Miss

LABOR-SAVING INVENTIONS

The farmer has been benefited greatly by the invention of labor-saving machinery. It is not so very long ago that all work which is now done on the farm with machinery was done by hand. A case in point is the invention of the Luther Hummer Tool Grinder. This remarkable machine has thirty distinct attachments.

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Emmett. She smiled a pitiful little smile, and I took heart and smiled back at her reassuringly. After all it was something that had to be done, and I had done it for her.

Presently she whispered: "Have you seen him this morning?"

"No," I said, "I—I haven't seen him today. I—I rather think—in fact, I'm sure he won't bother us today."

"Sure?" Her eyes asked a question that she did not put into words.

"Quite sure."

"Oh!" she said, and put one hand to her eyes. The other went fluttering out toward mine—and they took it in just as though it belonged there.

Presently she took away the hand that covered her eyes and placed it upon mine.

"I knew—I knew! And I can't even thank you." Then, looking into my bloodshot eyes, and reading there the story of my sleepless night. "And I can't ever begin to tell you how sorry I am that things must happen so."

"Forget it," I said, catching her other hand and giving the two of them a not altogether brotherly pat. "Forget it—for the next four days, anyway."

She smiled and shook herself a little. "Yes," she said, "we may forget it for four days—if we can."

CHAPTER V.

When we landed at Havre I took charge of the expedition. I had been in France before, while Miss Emmett, who had been all over the West and the Orient, had never visited Europe. She had a good working knowledge of the French language, however, which came in very handy as a supplement to my rather ludicrous attempts to express myself in that tongue.

The strain began again with the moment that saw us leave the gangway. I caught my companion looking about as though she expected to find an enemy at the landing waiting for us, and I could not help casting a few apprehensive glances about myself.

But I smiled reassuringly at the girl. "Yes," I said, "here's where the fun begins again. Still, I don't think we have anything to fear until we reach Paris."

I was right. But I had not gone so far as to anticipate trouble quite so "previous" as the trouble that met us when we finally reached Paris. For we had barely passed the turnstile into the waitingroom of the Gare du Nord before I felt something slipped into my hand, and caught a glimpse of a furtive, black-eyed little brown man sidling off through the crowd. I closed my hand on the paper that I found there, and we hurriedly left the depot. We entered a taxi, and told the driver to take us to the old town across the river.

Then I read the note that had been passed to me.

I passed it over to the girl. "Looks for all the world like a White Cap warning," I said, with a feeble attempt at cheerfulness.

This is what she read:

"If the great blue diamond is not given into our hands at 236 Rue de —— before midnight of the tenth, Mr. Emmett shall die, and we shall proceed to deal with you and the girl as we shall have dealt with him. THE FIVE."

"Perhaps it would have been more in accord with the facts if they had signed that 'The Four,'" I said, with a ghastly sort of a smile.

But Miss Nora could not pretend to smile. She was thinking of her father and of the brief time that lay between that hour and midnight of the tenth.

"The tenth," she said. "Midnight of the tenth! And this is the evening of the eighth."

"Never you worry," I said, affecting an assurance that I did not feel just then; "we shall do them yet."

For the time being my object was to foil the shadowing of the man who had met us at the station. That had fazed me considerably, for I had felt sure that things would not begin to break till the next day, at least, allowing the shortest possible time for our friend to reach Paris from New York, via Fishguard. I concluded that he must have made pretty shrewd use of the cable before he left New York, to arrange it so that a reception committee should meet and recognize us in the very first five minutes after our arrival in Paris.

Presently the mysteriousness of the danger that threatened us began to have a stimulating effect upon me. That danger began to seem real to me, for the first time since I had thrown the Hindu into the Gulf Stream, and I began to brace myself to face it. The old fire that had made me a good reporter only on big blazes and murders began to burn in my breast again and the dread that had clutched at my heart when I had read the grim warning of the note from the "Five" was supplanted by a feeling of actual enthusiasm. I felt that we could not do otherwise than win.

I leaned forward and told our driver to take us to Port Royal. Twenty minutes later we boarded the Metropolitan underground at Port Royal station and started back toward the new city. We ran by a few stations, then alighted and took a train running in the opposite direction. On this train we made the entire circuit of the belt, coming to the surface again at Port Royal. Thence we went to a little hotel on the frontier of the Latin Quarter.

I don't think it had ever occurred to either of us that we were flying in the face of all conventionalities in traveling thus together, halfway across the world, but when we were about to register at the hotel it came to us with a sudden shock that we were doing something that the world would call scandalous.

I looked at Miss Emmett in dismay "I never once thought about the looks of the thing," I said. "I'll go to another hotel."

The girl blushed a little. "What's the use?" she said. "Conventionalities seem such trivial things in matters of life and death. I want you to stay here near me. Register as my brother, if you wish. I always wanted one."

So I registered as "Robert Emmett," and the matter was settled.

After we had eaten our dinner we went to a little cafe near by to take our coffee and hold another "council of war," as Miss Nora called it with a wan smile.

We chose a table in a secluded corner that was all but deserted, and there, over tall glasses of coffee—glasses that amused Miss Nora somewhat by their attenuated appearance—we reviewed the situation.

I took the "White Cap" notice out of my pocket and laid it on the little marble-topped table between us.

"There's something very curious about this," I said. "I've been thinking to beat the band, but I can't make head nor tail of it.'

"So have I been thinking, and I can't untangle it either."

"The Paris end of this outfit must have been in communication with the New York representative after we sailed."

"And yet——"

"Yes. There's the mystery. Where is the thing? Is it in the possession of the man we left on the dock, or can it be that they never got it after all? Is it possible that it still in Pittsburgh?'

"Or perhaps at the bottom of the Atlantic," suggested the girl.

"Jerusalem!" I cried. "I never thought of that! It may be. If my friend the thug had the blue stone about his person when we had our little tilt on the capstan, it sure is at the bottom of the deep blue."

"Perhaps, but not likely."

"No. More likely hidden in the stuff he left in his stateroom which the ship's officials took care of after he turned up missing so strangely—that is, if he had it at all."

"But why—" the girl took up the note and frowned over it adorably—"why do they assume that we still have it?"

"I should venture to say, because they never got their hands on it."

"Do you really think that possible? I wonder if dear old Rajadasa escaped after all?"

"No—it's not likely that he escaped. It's more likely that his murderers were frightened away before they had time to make a thorough search for the diamond. Then, when they found that you were making tracks for Paris at top speed, they concluded that perhaps you still had the stone, after all."

"Well—at least I have the sapphire."

"Yes. We still have the sapphire, and before midnight of the tenth we shall make a strong bluff with that, if nothing better offers. But first I want to have a round with these gentlemen. I've done one of them, and I've a sneaking, darn fool idea that I can do the rest of them, for all their spook business."

"I like to hear you talk like that," said the girl.

"Oh, yes! You women folk like to hear us swell up and blow our horns. Like to see us strut and crow and gobble, don't you?"

She looked into her coffee glass a little while, then looked at me with the ghost of a smile on her face. "I reckon we do, Mister Man," she said. Presently she added, "And now that you've blown your horn, what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know," I confessed. "I want to sleep on this. Tomorrow I shall get busy."

"Yes, I suppose there's nothing to be done now, as late as this, but when I think of poor old Dad in the clutches of those fiends——" she put a hand on my sleeve—"you'll pardon me if I seem peevish and impatient sometimes, won't you?"

"Don't say a word. I'm wondering all the time how you have managed to keep up so long under the pressure of this horrible business. You look like a real girl of sure enough flesh and blood, with the softest sort of hands"—I gave the hand on my arm a little poke with my second finger—"but upon my soul I believe you're made of watch-spring steel."

She smiled a little and blushed just the least bit. "Oh, I just have to keep up," she said. "Just wait till it's all over and Dad is safe. Then I shall cry for a straight week without stopping. And if he isn't safe when it's all over——" The light died out of her eyes. "Well, then, perhaps, I shall never cry again."

When the girl had gone to her room and I to mine, ostensibly to go to bed myself, I shaved hurriedly, getting rid of the small mustache I had worn for a year, got into a different suit, discarding the blue serge I had worn since landing for a new gray two-piece flannel I had bought hurriedly in New York. Then, putting on a little crusher hat that I had tucked into my grip, I sallied forth moderately well disguised. I felt something like a character in a blood-and-thunder melodrama, and I thought to myself that I was fairly well in character, after all. The whole business was too astonishing to ranl as anything but melodrama.

I was rather well acquainted with the Latin Quarter (I had sowed a little wild oats there three years before), so I had no difficulty in locating 236 Rue de ——. Rue de —— lies near the Rue de Seine. It is a narrow, forbidding sort of street at best, and 236 lies in a very forbidding section of that forbidding street.

I walked up and down on the opposite side of the street, and carefully inspected the building I had come to see. I had to be very circumspect in doing this, for I knew that a chance encounter with a gendarme might prove fatal to all our plans. I was not prepared for an encounter with a gendarme. I didn't even have a passport. So I made my investigation gingerly, taking a long time about it, skirting the environs of the building in question at long intervals, and sauntering off around adjacent blocks between times.

Finally I got a reasonably good idea of the lay of the land fixed in my mind. The house was a five-story structure, as so many Parisian buildings are, with the fifth-story windows set in the steep slope of the mansard roof. Along one side of the building ran an alley. On the opposite side it was built up close to another building. In the rear it ran back to another alley. There was a glimmer of light in the hallway. Otherwise the building seemed dark, at first, but finally I located two windows in

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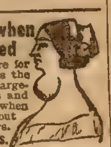

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the rear, just under the roof, through which came a faint flicker, as from a small gas jet turned down low.

Standing in the shadow of the high wall that ran along the rear of one of the houses that faced the next street, I watched these illuminated windows for a long time. It seemed to me I had been there for hours, when at last a shadow fell across one of the windows, and I saw the silhouette of a man standing at the window and looking out into the night. My heart began to thump. If this should prove to be Miss Nora's father!

But strain my eyes as I could, I was unable to make out more than the bare outline of a tall man standing by the window. Presently he turned away. I saw the shadow pass the window three or four times, as though the man were walking up and down the room. Then I thought I saw shadows, as though there were others in the room, but these were gone shortly. Then the light went out.

Meanwhile, the germ of an hazardous idea was coming to life in my head, and when the light went out I carefully surveyed the rear of the buildings on the side of the alley opposite "236." Then I went around the block and inspected the fronts of these same buildings. I found that they were mostly low-grade pensions, typical Latin Quarter rooming-houses, and when I found this out my great idea blossomed like a rose.

I started back to the hotel in high feather, so puffed up with myself that I had gone three blocks before I thought of the need of caution. Then, when I awoke and gathered my wits about me, I became aware of the fact that I was being shadowed.

I was then skirting along the high iron fence on the north of the Luxembourg gardens. I could see a dark shape a block behind me, moving in the shadows, following me stealthily, with infinite caution. I quickened my pace and moved on into the shadow of some dense horse-chestnut trees. There I flattened myself against the paling and waited.

The shadow came creeping up along the fence till it gained the deep shadow that sheltered me; then the crouched form straightened and came forward quickly.

Before I could think, I had my enemy by the throat. Then, like a flash, I thought a whole procession of things—too late. "Now you're in for it, you chump!" I told myself. "You can't throw this one into the basin of the Luxembourg fountain and get away with it, as you threw the other one into the Atlantic and got away with it. This rash move will queer the whole business."

These thoughts, and a thousand others of like tenor, buzzed through my head while I was getting a good safe grip on my captive and dragging him out into the glare of the electric light. Then I saw I had in hand a young Hindu of about fifteen years, a black-eyed, brown-faced youngster, who squirmed and twisted in my grasp for a moment, like a cat, then fell quiet as death when he felt my grip tightening on his throat. He was dressed like any genteel French boy, but he was clearly an Oriental.

I looked into his eyes in utter dismay. Here was the worst fix yet. I couldn't kill this boy in cold blood, even if it were expedient to do so. I didn't dare let him go. I couldn't hold him thus forever. It would be folly to take him to my room. That might lead to endless complications.

I began to move on, keeping a tight grip on the boy, and thinking like a house afire. Then I had an inspiration.

I quickened my pace, turning to cut across the Boulevard Raspeil. Th boy went along, unresistingly now, and still silent. He had not made a sound since I had tackled, and then he had only gasped a little.

Reaching the Boulevard Raspeil, I turned toward the Gare du Mont Parnasse. Just before reaching the station, I shifted my grip on my captive, carefully felt him over for knives, took his flat little purse, hooked his arm in mine, judiciously showed him the muzzle of the blue pistol that nestled under my arm, and finally conducted him into the station.

To my joy I saw the board go up bulletining an express to leave in twenty minutes. Keeping a tight grip on the young thug, who kept looking hither and thither all the time, for all the world like a ferret when he finds himself held by the nap of neck, I bought a first-class ticket for Bordeaux. Then, finding that the train carried the European apology for a sleeper, I did the handsome thing and bought my friend a berth in the "Wagon-Lit," or "Bed Wagon," to translate literally.

Then, with a Belgian five-franc piece, I persuaded the gatekeeper, and took my charge to the train and into his sleeper. Nor did I stop at that. I bestowed another five-franc piece on the porter, or whatever they call the functionary that corresponds to a porter on a French sleeping-car, and together we tenderly put the young Hindu to bed. All this time the youngster had never whimpered, had never opened his head once. He was wise enough to know when he was well off.

Not until the very moment of the train's departure did I bid him an affectionate adieu. He said "Adieu"—I'm not sure, but I think he gave me the shadow of a smile with it—and so I left him. I saw the train roll out of the train-shed with a sigh of relief. It was an express and it would not stop inside of fifty miles. Besides, I had taken every sou the boy had on his person.

I have never seen him nor heard of him since, but I am not worrying about him. He looked wise, that young Hindu.

CHAPTER VI.

When I came down to the salle-a-manger for breakfast I found Miss Nora there before me, trying to convince the waiter that she really wanted breakfast. It is a hard matter to make anybody believe that you are not joking when you ask for breakfast in Paris.

"Do come and help me," the girl cried. "This individual won't bring me any breakfast. He has brought me some coffee and a tank of scummy hot milk and some rolls with cast-iron crusts, but for the life of me I can't convince him that it takes something more than that to make a breakfast for one who has been reared in God's country." Then she added, after she had got a good look at me: "Why, how funny you look! No—I mean how much nicer you look!"

"I'll do the best I can for you," I said, "but I won't promise to accomplish anything. They're the original 'no breakfast' cranks in this town. As for the little whiskers—I sacrificed them with a view to changing my looks somewhat."

I finally managed to get some fried eggs and some marmalade, and we made a pretty fair breakfast, both of us eating from a sense of duty rather than because of a keen desire for food.

"Did you sleep well?" I asked, by way of keeping up a conversation.

"Yes," the girl answered. "That is, after I began to sleep. And I got to sleep in the way the girl in trouble usually does—cried myself to sleep. But I feel all right now. And I'm glad, for this is the day, and maybe now I can help some."

Presently she looked into my eyes in a rather keen fashion. "I don't believe you rested very well, Mister Man."

"Oh, yes, I did—after I got to sleep. But I must confess that I have been asleep only two hours. You see, after you retired, I shaved off my little apology for a mustache and went out to potter about the Latin Quarter."

"And never told me!" she said reproachfully.

"And never told you. You see, I wanted you to cry yourself to sleep without having any side issues to worry about. I was vain enough to assume that if you had known that I was going prowling about the environs of the Rue de Seine, you would have done me the honor to worry about me a little."

"A little!" she said indignantly. "It frightens me now to think of you going off alone into deadly danger—for me. Why didn't you take me along?"

"Why—you see——" I stalled a bit, then began again: "Oh, well, I just couldn't——"

(Continued on page sixteen)

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—If so, listen to us. **Don't buy** any whiskey advertised in this paper unless the
firm says: **"We Pay Express."** Whiskey sent **express collect costs**
more to get it away from the Express office than the money you sent by mail
for it. **Don't buy** 16 ounce bottles unless you expect pints. **Remember** 32
ounce bottles are quarts and it takes 128 ounces to make a full gallon. **Don't**
buy whiskey from people who praise the quality and talk so much about 2 full
jugs (128 ounces) and ship 2 half gallon jugs (64 ounces each) by Express
Collect. **Don't monkey** with the ounce business—it's a scheme to rob you.
The old time words: **"full gallons, quarts, pints, and we pay express"**
are good enough for all of us—and look for these little words in each advertise-
ment in this paper—**find them or keep your money in your pocket.**

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From now until December 10th and no longer we are going to offer our Straight
Whiskey, either Corn, Rye or Bourbon at cut prices—and at the same time guarantee it
not to be a blend—nor a compound—nor an imitation—but just honest, old-time, Straight
Whiskey. Here's our prices, and remember we pay Express and satisfy everybody!

2 Full Gallon Bottles	$3.95	8 Full Quarts	$4.45
3 Full Gallon Bottles	$5.25	12 Full Quarts	$6.50
4 Full Gallon Bottles	$6.95	24 Full Pints	$6.75

Send for three gallons of this whiskey at the cut price of $5.25, we pay express, and compare the quality with any other kind advertised in this paper and if our Old Time Straight Whiskey is not better—you be the judge—send ours back on first train and we will return your money and a dollar bill extra to pay for your time.

The above is an iron-clad agreement never printed before in any paper by any whiskey house—so it's up to you to test it out! ☞ **Send your order today.** ☜

Return this ad with remittance and be sure to name the Express
business in your town—we will do the rest and pack in the case free,
corkscrew, drinking glass and mirror and other advertising matter to sh
we treat new customers.

We refer to First National Bank, Ft. Smith, Ark.—The largest Ba

UNCLE SAM DISTILLING CO., Ft. S
Largest Mail Order Whiskey House in South

Quiet.

"Well, John William, how be things wi' you?"

Grave Digger—Very quiet. Ain't buried a living soul for over a month.

The Sea's Good Habits.

He—How clean the surf keeps the seashells.

She—Yes, you know the sea is very tidy.

REPELLING THE CHARGE.

Midsummer Folly.

"Don't let your daughter go out with that fellow. He's a fool in a boat."

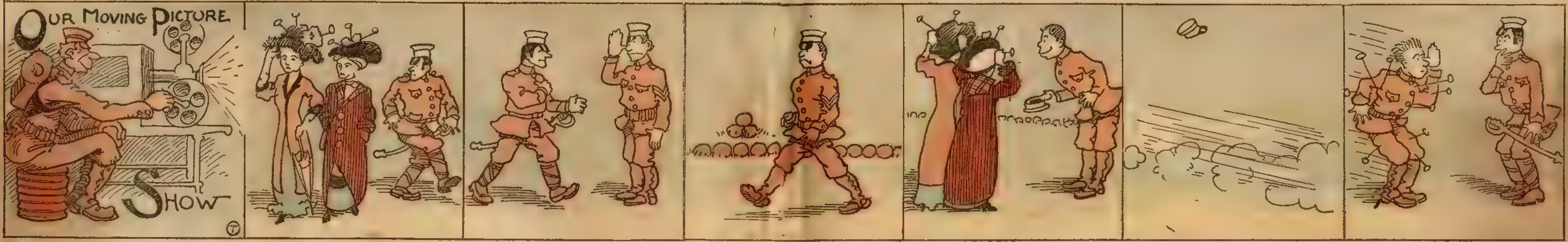
"Will he rock it?"

"No; he'll propose to her, sure."

Right Combination.

Miss Goldie—One can be very happy in this world with health and money

Mr. Gaul—Then let us be made one. I have the health and you have the money



The Captain—Look at the military hat-pins! The General says that cannot be permitted

The Captain—Corporal Bings, those ladies wear hat-pins made from military buttons The pins must be seized and brought to me!

Corporal Bings—Let the dears keep them I say but I have my orders and must do my d[illegible]

Corporal Bings—Excuse me ladies, but the captain says I must relieve you of your hat-pins

The Ladies Why, the very idea!

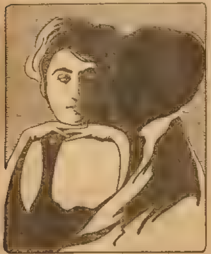
The above represents the dust raised by Bings as he beat it.

Corporal Bings—Captain, here are the hat-pins!

Left.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "the cook we took without a recommendation has left us."

"I suppose," was the weary reply, "[illegible] is [illegible] we are among the things [illegible] of sufficient value to take w[illegible]"



Sister Sue—Helen, you got fooled on that so-called spring chicken you had for dinner.

Mrs. Newed—But I'm sure it was a genuine spring chicken, dearie. I bounced it on the butcher's counter to see if it would spring before I took it.

Three Times and Out.

He—Is Miss Smith in?

Maid—No, she's out.

He—Well, then, call Miss Smythe.

Maid—She's out, too.

He—I guess I'll sit by the fire and wait.

Maid—I'm sorry, but the fire is out.

A Pleasing Occupation.

"Slithers made a pile of money in that gold mine of his, didn't he?" asked Wil[illegible]

"[illegible] about five m[illegible] [illegible] H[illegible]

"What's he doing n[illegible]" asked W[illegible]

"[illegible]" said H[illegible]

It was upon presentation of the above under oath that the court acquitted Willoughby of assault and battery on the ground of extreme provocation.

A Vegetable Drink.

"A mint julep," say[illegible] "when [illegible] adorned wi[illegible] orange a hunk of ban[illegible] strawberry is adorn[illegible] A Texan w[illegible] adorned is no mint julep at a[illegible] vegetable soup

A Perplexed Horseman.

Sam Pon[illegible]—D[illegible] you was lookin' at, Ras[illegible]

Ras Hollow—Naw; I was kinda uncertain 'bout his age. He had one toof, and I couldn't tell whether it were de first or de last.

Flying High.

"Pop can you fly?"

"Why, of course not. What makes you ask such foolish [illegible]"

"Well, pop, wh[illegible] M[illegible] R[illegible] Mr. Jaggersby the oth[illegible] were a bird?"

A Woman of Taste.

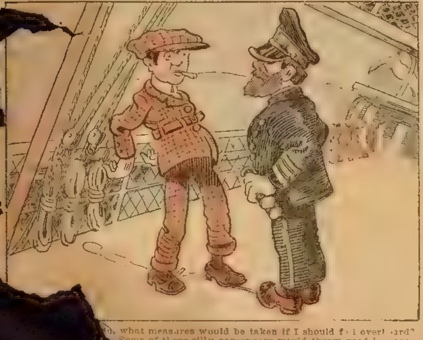
"If madame will pardon me, this suit does not match her complexion as well as the other"

"The suit is all right. I want it to match a bull pup."

They Come Back.

Friend—What do you receive for your verses?

Poet—Reverses, usually



[illegible] what measures would be taken if I should f[illegible] overboard?" [illegible] Some of these silly passengers would throw good l[illegible] pre-[illegible]

Scotch Thrift.

Robbie met a neighbor who was smoking some fine, fragrant tobacco sent by his son in America. He took out his own pipe ostentatiously

"Ha' you a [illegible] Sandie?" he queried The match was [illegible] but not a [illegible]

"I do believe," [illegible] Robbie, "I ha' left me tobacco at h[illegible]"

"Then," said Sandie, after a silence, "[illegible] e might as well g[illegible] e me back me match."

Notification.

Assistant Editor—Here's a poem from a fellow who is serving a five years' term in the Eastern penitentiary

Managing Editor—Well, print it with a footnote explaining the circumstance [illegible] is a warning to other [illegible]

A Reader of Fiction.

"Willie, don't you know it is a very bad habit to get finger marks on your copy book?"

"Yes'm," replied the small boy. "I've got to quit it. If the detectives ever got [illegible] r me they are liable to recognize me by my thumb-prints

Isn't That Enough.

Old Bullion—Can you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

Ardent Suitor—Maybe not, Mr. Bullion But perhaps I can do as well by her as you did by her mother for the first few [illegible]

Papa's Prayer.

The Garsides had returned home from the mountains. Next morning the little daughter of the family announced:

I heard papa say his prayers last night

"What did he say, dear?"

"He said: "Thank God for this bed"

How Fido Lost Out.

"My girl used to think a lot of her pug dog, but I've managed to get the edge on him since we married?"

"How did you work it?"

"Fido wouldn't eat her cooking, and I did"

Not a Gentle Hint' Either.

"Actions speak louder than words said the second-hand phil[illegible]

Then," sighed his wife, "[illegible] it ever occur to you that you'd be a bigger noise around this house if you'd get out and do something once in a while?"

He Was Innocent.

Johnny Williams had been "bad" [illegible]

"Ah, me, Johnny!" sighed his Sunday School teacher; "I am afraid we shall n[illegible] meet in Heaven."

"W[illegible]t have you been doin'?" asked Johnny with a grin

Accounted For.

[illegible] they claim that the human body contains sulph[illegible]

[illegible] n what amo[illegible]

"Oh, in varying quantities."

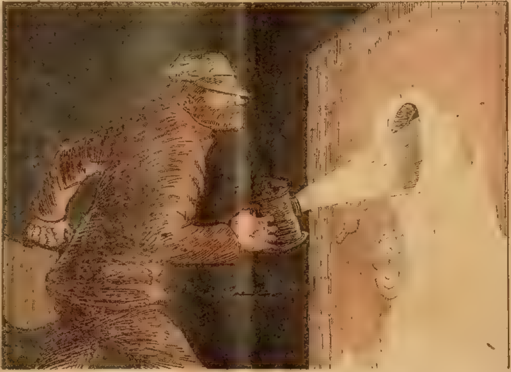
"Well, that may account for some girls making better matches than others"

His Answer.

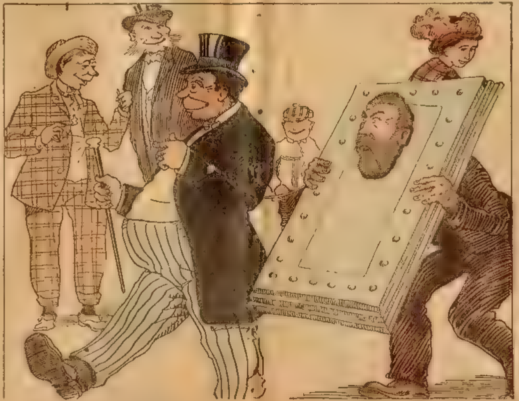
Waal, how's everything up tew the city?"

"Everything up tew the city is country just the same as it is here. Of course, after you get inter the city that's different

TRAPPED.



"It's very easy to catch burglars," said the [illegible]entive banker. "I simply have a hole cut in the door of the safe, large enough for an ordinary man's head, and, of course leave no money in the safe The burglar sticks his head through the hole, to see where the money is, and when he sees that the safe is empty he makes so long a face that he can't get his head out! I come in the morning, take the door off its hinges,



and lead him to the police station!"

An Oversight.

Being unable to find a seat on the overcrowded train, a large woman went into the smoking car and sat down by the door

The man next to her, absorbed in his newspaper, kept on smoking.

"I was foolish enough to suppose," said she, glowering at him, "that some of the men in here, at least, were gentlemen."

"Pardon me, madam," he answered, politely offering her a cigar

A Quest Disdained.

"My speech was rather lengthy, I am afraid," said the young statesman, "but I assure you that it contains numerous gems of thought."

"Perhaps," replied Mr. Growcher "But I have never allow myself to [illegible] the slightest interest in these stories of buried treasures"

"Two of a Kind."

He—How is this? I come back unexpectedly from my trip and find you flirting with another man. You have deceived me.

She—Not any more than you. You told me you would be away eight days, and here you are back again the next day. Have you not also deceived me?

Power of Publicity.

Commuter's Wife—John, did you get those pickles I wanted and showed you the poster of?

Commutor—No love. I was more moved by the advertisement of these hooks and eyes, so I bought them instead.

Ignorant City Folks.

City Niece (reprovingly)—Uncle Wayback, why do you pour your coffee into the saucer before drinking it?

Uncle Wayback—To cool it. The more air surface you give it, the quicker it cools. Guess these 'ere city schools don't teach much science, do they?

He Didn't Count.

She—You say you want to marry me?

He—I certainly do.

"Well, have you spoken to papa?"

"Why, no. It takes only two to make a bargain."

"I know; but papa and I are the two."

Utilizing the Tyrant.

"Is your master at [illegible]"

"I['ll] ask me mistres[illegible]"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Mistress is dictatin' a speech fer her club on 'Centuries of Masculine Tyranny,' an' master is doin' her typewritin'"

All a Mistake.

George—Didn't you notice that I pressed [illegible] foot at the dinner tonight?

Maze—Why, it wasn't my foot you pressed! Oh, George, I wondered why mamma was smiling so sweetly at the minister'

Knew How to Save Coal.

O'Hara once saw an advertisement in a street car reading "Buy your stove at O'Brien's and save half your coal'

Begorra," he said, "I'll buy two stoves and save all me coal."

Premonition.

Do you believe in premonition?"

'No: but I once had an uncle who was able to foretell exactly the hour of his death."

"What was he hanged for?"

A Quick Answer.

The Schoolmaster was explaining the circulation of the blood

"If I was to stand on my head the blood would rush to my head, wouldn't it.

No one contradicted

"Now," he continued, "when I stand on my feet why doesn't it rush to my feet?"

"Because," the bright boy suggested, "your feet ain't empty."

The Summons.

An attendant at an institute for the deaf and dumb was undergoing a rapid-fire inquisition at the hands of a female visit[illegible]

"But how do you summon these poor mates to church?" she asked finally

"By ringing the dumbbells, madam," retorted the exasperated attendant.

Why He Turned Pale.

Wife—Wretch! Show me that letter'

Husband—What letter?

Wife—That one in your hand. It's fr[illegible] I can see by the writing, and you turned pale when you saw it

Husband—Yes. Here it is. It's your dressmaker's bill.

Penal Reform.

"Prison reform is gaining ground every day

"Yes; I hear one of our penal institutions is going to have graduating exercises this year."

His Pa's in Congress.

Caller—That is an odd nickname your brother has.

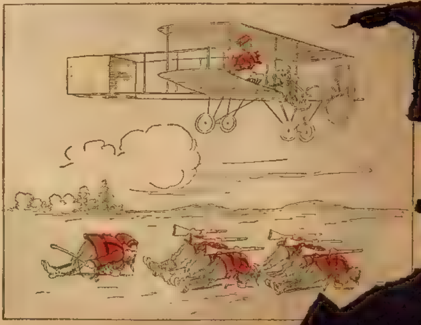
Dick—Yes; pa calls him 'Appropriation Bil' because he's stealin' pie and preserves all the time.

Careful Man.

"When I got back from my vacation my husband had only one soiled dish for me to wash"

"He washed the others, eh?"

"It seems he only used on dish."



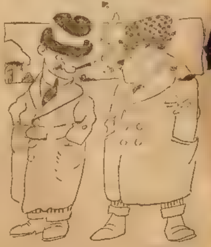
The German Captain (as the K[illegible] Arms!"

The Thief.

Rollingstone Nomoss—Wot's a kleptomaniac, Tatters?

Tatterdon Torn — A kleptomaniac, Rolly, is a feller wot steals fer de love of stealing, not because he wants de stuff

Rollingstone Nomoss—Gee! Den I must be one. I swiped a cake of soap



"Ever backed a horse, Robson?"

"Yes, once

"Drop anything?"

"Yes, $25. I backed my nag into a shop window!"

A Good Business Man.

Doctor—Now, Mr. Macdonald, I must take your temperature.

Macdonald (nee Israels)—Ach, but you cannot. Everything is in der name of my vife"

Interesting Conversation.

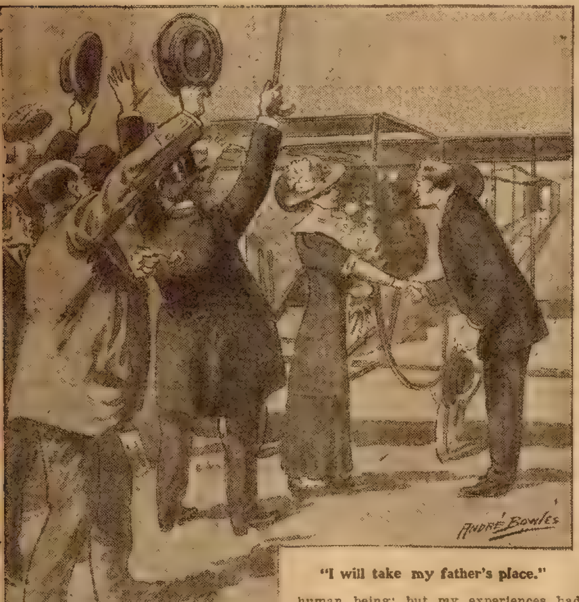
"Money talks."

"You bet, and it never bores you either."

The Sky Smuggler;

Or, The Man-Bird's Daughter

By STANLEY F. MATTHEWS



"I will take my father's place."

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CHAPTER IX.

THE TREACHERY OF FENNIMORE.

TO TELL the truth I would have felt grievously disappointed had this companion of Fennimore proved to be any one else, for it seemed to me that in order to round out villainy in all its completeness Shipley ought to be conspiring to do the father of his unreciprocating flame some injury.

If one could judge from this meeting, then Fennimore must have sold Morgan out to the enemy; for the way things appeared now, Shipley must be one of those who had laid big wagers that the man-bird could not carry out the terms of the agreement; and in case of his [illegible] to do so he stood to win a con[illegible]d of real money.

[illegible] the way I looked at it just then, and all things considered I was not to be blamed for my opinion; though as it afterward turned out this guess was very wide of the mark; of that, however, more anon.

Having made the discovery that I was aching to have come about, I took no chances of being seen, but dropped back to my old position close to the ground, and waited for the two plotters to separate.

This they soon did, Fennimore heading again for the road, and Shipley backing off into the timber as though not wishing to be seen abroad. When I noted the fact that Morgan's guard headed away from the club grounds I became convinced that he did not intend returning there again.

Could he have already accomplished his dastardly work, and in some sly manner crippled the biplane, so that the man-bird would be utterly unable to fulfil his obligations, on this night, at least?

Perhaps it had been arranged in such a devilish and cunning fashion that [illegible] he had, he might not be seen in [illegible] nation; but upon the [illegible] mpting to carry out [illegible] ion when hundreds [illegible] machine would be [illegible] hurled to death. [illegible] a pleasant one [illegible] with a fellow human being; but my experiences had shown me that there were many heartless creatures in this world, with no consciences to trouble them; given absolution in connection with any possibility of consequences from the point of the law, and there was nothing too murderous for them to attempt—fear of punishment in this world is all that holds myriads in check. Remove that, and pandemonium would be the result.

At any rate, it seemed to me that the captain must be warned. True, Tressie had declared that it would be a serious thing to excite her father just previous to his making one of his perilous ascents; but the exigency seemed to demand that some such action be taken—I certainly did not want his blood on my hands, as it would be, if knowing certain facts, I refused to communicate them to the party most interested.

But she should be the one to judge of that; it would give me a chance to have further conversation with Tressie; and perhaps she might thank me again for serving the parent whom she seemed really to love. It made me squirm as I reflected that I was aiming to interfere with the latest game of the veteran fillibuster and smuggler, and one into which he doubtless had thrown his whole heart, since it promised to be the forerunner of a new system of beating the treasury out of its legitimate toll in the way of duties on imports. Waiting until I felt that Fennimore must have had a good lead, I struck out along the road, heading for the club.

Twice I thought it just as well to step into the bushes and wait for people to pass by. Even though I had no idea as to their identity, there was no need of my taking unnecessary risks; and it seemed that there were so many strange twists being given to the game that unless I kept on the alert I might yet find myself fast in the toils—something I could ill afford, with that little event slated for an early performance, and my presence on the scene absolutely necessary, if I cherished any hope of making the discovery I had in view.

But finally I reached the grounds of the club, to find that in my nocturnal wanderings I had occupied the major part of the first hour; which was pleasing intelligence to my anxious soul.

Without entering the house, I made for the open tract, where by this time everybody seemed to be gathering, as the time drew nearer for the start of the moonlight voyage through space.

Though the famous man-bird had been doing more or less remarkable stunts in various parts of America and Europe during the preceding summer, biplanes were still pretty much of a novelty in this section; and every countryman in all the region roundabout was hastening to the scene, bent upon having his curiosity satisfied. Having read of these wonderful inventions in his county paper, he was determined to let no chance pass whereby he might witness such a flight with his own eyes. These other accounts might be but reporters' yarns, but if he could see the thing, and even touch the wonderful machine-bird, then even a doubting Thomas might have positive evidence of the truth.

There were already several hundred people gathered, with more coming all the time, so that when the moment arrived for Morgan to start, he might count on having a fairly good sized audience, though hardly equal in numbers to that which had greeted his ascensions at the various fairs he had been attending, until lately.

I immediately made my way forward to the point of central interest. Of course my first thought was in connection with Tressie; it was absolutely necessary that I should attract her attention and have a few words in private with her, in order that she might weigh in the balance the news I brought. So I placed myself at such an angle that she was bound presently to see me, and then waited.

Before five minutes had gone, I found her looking straight at me, just as though my mind had been in telepathic touch with hers, and she knew instinctively I wished to communicate with her.

When I beckoned eagerly, and nodded my head at the same time, she immediately left what she was doing and approached. The confidence that was plainly stamped upon her sweet face caused me to feel the deepest satisfaction; for it told me she knew I would not, at this critical time, stoop to draw her attention away from her father and his mission for any selfish purpose.

"Oh, what is it? I am sure you have something to tell me—something that has to do with this trip? Please do not keep me in suspense, for already I am in a very nervous condition under the strain," she breathed, her starry eyes fastened upon my face, while in their depths I could discern a shade of anxiety.

I hated to have to tell her what I had learned, but there was no help for it; and perhaps after all, by increasing their vigilance, they could baffle any contemplated evil design on the part of the schemers.

Accordingly, I began by speaking of noticing Fennimore's suspicious action in shaking his fist at the time he went away from the grounds, and of my sudden resolve to follow him for a bit; then I brought in his meeting some one at what seemed to be a rendezvous, and when I told of seeing that person's face, and recognizing him as Shipley, the girl clasped her hands nervously together, and I could hear the sigh that fell from her lips, a sign of mental distress.

It caused me to feel such a flash of burning anger toward that man Shipley, that, could I have laid hold on his miserable body just then I would have certainly caused him to feel a new assortment of bruises beyond those he had already acquired through my hands

But the little girl was game clear through, it seemed, and after that first feeling of alarm her spirit arose equal to the occasion, and I could see the fire flash in her eyes.

"The miserable coward!" she exclaimed, indignantly; "to think that he would stoop so low as to try and even up matters by doing my father an injury; just as though it would make any difference in my feelings for him if misfortune came upon us and I lost my only guardian. I have been used to looking out for myself, because he was often away for a year at a time on his cruises to all parts of the world. We will see that there is no chance for any one to injure the machine—if only that traitor Fennimore has not already done the work. I shall tell father about this, much as I dislike to do so, and have him look it over inch by inch. But how much we owe to you, Mr. Odell! When it is all finished I shall see you again, and perhaps once this load is off my mind, I may be able to find words to thank you properly."

I took the little hand that fluttered out toward me, and pressing it warmly I looked down into her bright eyes, in which just the glimmer of tears could be seen

"I am sure you can, if you only will," I said; upon which she fled back to the spot where the biplane was resting, all ready for business so far as appearances went.

I saw her talking earnestly with her father, who at first seemed surprised, and then angry; he began to overhaul the flying-machine from end to end, looking for some sign of defect or injury which the cunning rascal Fennimore might have caused, while she stood guard over the whole, keeping back those who, in curiosity, would have liked

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The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. **She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.**

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to touch some part of the wonderful aeroplane that was so rapidly becoming the mistress of the skies.

From what she had said I knew that Tressie was more concerned about this hazard her father intended assuming than she had ever been before. Why, time and again, she had accompanied him in his flights before country audiences, and I had been told that once or twice, when he chanced to be sick, the brave girl had even taken his place and performed wonderful stunts with the gliding machine-bird at a dizzy distance from the ground, to the unbounded enthusiasm of the crowds, who had covered her with praise and presents, when she came down again. It made me feel queer even to think of that charming little maid taking her life in her hands, and accepting such awful risks, and I was determined that if she ever became my wife she should never again go aloft, no matter what the circumstances.

I put aside as unworthy of me the suspicion that she might possibly know something of the real reason for this night flight of the old filibuster; it was indeed impossible that he should share the secret with his daughter, since she would certainly refuse to have anything to do with an unlawful act, and might at the same time endeavor to prevent him carrying out his part of the compact. No, her anxiety was wholly for his safety; and I could imagine that, being upset by recent happenings, such as Shipley's conduct, Tressie was nervous beyond anything that had ever assailed her before.

How heartily I wished the whole thing were over, no matter how it turned out, and whether the blessed diamonds managed to make a safe passage or not, for somehow, I had a lurking fear that it menaced her life and our happiness.

CHAPTER X

THE WORST HAPPENS

Half an hour later. The time was now very near for the start, since the moon had arisen and would soon be in a position to afford all the illumination needed by the voyager of the air in his flight across to the American side of the river.

I had become so restless that I could not stay in one spot, and accordingly, several times had moved away, returning always to watch Tressie as she hovered about the biplane like a little mother brooding over her chicks.

The last time I came back it was with the determination not to lose myself again, for I knew the critical moment could not be far off, and it was part of the plan arranged between Breen and myself that just as soon as the plane soared aloft, circling to attain the requisite height, we were to cut the dirigible loose and follow in the wake of the smaller craft; hence, it was of prime importance that I be close at hand when needed.

The first thing I noticed was that Morgan had vanished. Thinking he might be down on his knees adjusting some of the delicate parts of the plane, I craned my neck to see him, but without success. Then I became aware of the fact that Tressie was beckoning in my direction, as though her eager eyes had just discovered me; and judging from her anxious look that she was in some sort of trouble, I hastened to reach her side.

"Oh, Mr. Odell, won't you please stay here with me until father returns? For I am still worried about what you told me. We believe everything is all right up to now; but at the last minute they might attempt to do some injury; and it takes such a little thing to ruin an aeroplane, you know," she said, in a low tone that thrilled me to the core, accompanied as it was by a look from her glorious eyes.

Would I? Well, nothing could please me better than to share her guardianship just then—it was on the tip of my tongue to whisper that it would be the height of my ambition ever to watch over her and hers, then a sense of the incongruity of such an expression of my feelings overwhelmed me, and I refrained. Surely tomorrow was not so far away, and had she not as much as given me permission to say what I wished then?

"But where is the captain?" I asked, in renewed surprise that he should have even temporarily left his machine at this critical moment.

"He went to his room for something which he forgot—I am afraid father is beginning to show the wear and tear of his active life, for he seems hardly the man he used to be. Then, on the way, one of the gentlemen who have been connected with this wager stopped him, and I saw them go off arm in arm. I am a little worried by the circumstance, too," she replied.

"Which one was it?" I asked, struck by some hidden meaning back of her words.

"Mr. Philpot," came the answer.

I said nothing, but all the same the fact struck me as very significant, and perhaps it might be just as well to mention why. Philpot was really not a member of this exclusive club, but was visiting a gentleman who belonged. I had a suspicion that the fellow was a sort of a sport of the first water, for his talk was almost wholly of racing, and I remembered now that when first meeting him I wondered if he were not some big bookmaker whose business had been injured by the new racing laws which had recently gone into effect, in New York State under a reform Governor, and if he might not be looking for a chance to recoup recent losses on the turf, through the new fad, aeroplaning.

I knew he had wagered on the game, and against Morgan's reaching the destination he intended to head for on the southern shore of the river; just how deeply Philpot had plunged I could not say, but possibly he had a stiff amount on the issue, at long odds.

If this were so, it would be considerably to his profit should something occur to spoil the venture, or render it impossible for the old filibuster to make even an attempt.

I did not like the man's looks, but since he paid no attention to the girl in whom I was so deeply interested, I had not bothered my head about him in the least; not deeming it any business of mine if a professional gamester had managed to creep into this exclusive club, where only gentlemen were supposed to visit.

But now I felt a deep interest in Mr. Philpot, for it began to look as though he might be entering the game in which I had a hand—unconscious as he might be of the fact that Morgan was playing his cards for a double winning in making his flight.

However, I was wise enough not to say a word along this line to her, for surely she had enough to bear as it was, and besides, it could not be remedied now; but secretly I hoped Morgan would come to no harm while in the company of that man.

Time passed, and the crowd began to manifest considerable impatience, calling for Morgan to appear and make his start; some of them even threw out delicate hints that it looked as though he meant to disappoint them, and I could see how Tressie's cheeks burned as she caught these mutterings.

"He never disappointed a waiting audience in his life but once, and then I went in his place," she said to me, pouting like a grieved child, as though this question of honor were a very delicate subject with both of them.

I had opened my lips to reassure her that there need be no anxiety, and that the aeronaut would be with us in a minute or so, when suddenly there broke out loud voices in the direction of the club house, and from the indications it sounded as though several men were engaged in a fierce altercation that might be accompanied by blows.'

Immediately all was excitement, the crowd beginning to rush toward the scene of disturbance, such mobs always will, morbidly anxious to ascertain what was going on.

Tressie looked at me piteously, and her hand seemed to press against her bosom, as though her little heart might be fluttering wildly with apprehension; and indeed, much as I would have liked to reassure her just then, to tell the truth, I feared the worst myself—that Philpot had engineered some sort of miserable game to cover his bets and win out.

I saw the crowd heaving back again in our direction, and noted that some one seemed to be heading the bunch, some one, who, while trying to hasten, seemed to stagger as though drunk.

Jove! it was Morgan!

He had been up against it in some mysterious manner, and was apparently injured, if I could judge from his actions; well, such a thing would put an

---

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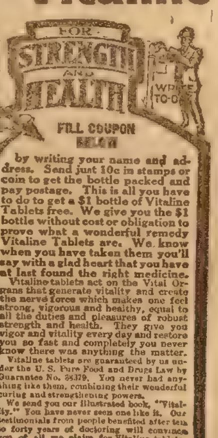

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end to the ascent, and the would-be smugglers must find some other method of getting that splendid lot of cut diamonds across the border, that was all.

I felt a wave of keen disappointment over the outcome, which promised such a tame ending to a game that had appeared to be so full of excitement; but it could not be helped.

Tressie seemed to waver in her allegiance to the precious biplane and her natural affection for her father, so that in the end she remained there until he reached her side.

Morgan was in a towering rage, it could be seen from the look on his bronzed face; he was gesticulating with one hand, but I noticed with dismay that the other arm seemed to hang helplessly at his side as though possibly broken—and it was his right!

Around came the crowd, wild-eyed and eager to understand what had happened to the old sky-voyager. I believed I could give something of a guess that would strike near the truth, for certainly Philpot must have been back of it all, even though he may have covered his tracks skilfully. What mattered a broken arm to a desperate gamester accustomed to figuring only on his gains, irrespective of the misery entailed on others? Nothing!

"I'll tell you what happened," roared Morgan, as the crowd pressed closer and closer around him. "We were set upon by a lot of loafers, Mr. Philpot and myself, and while we defended ourseves in the best way possible, they got to us. Philpot has been carried into the club house knocked insensible, while I guess they did for my good right arm, the skunks! The only thing I regret is that for once I didn't have a gun along; if I had there would have been a different story to tell," and he wound up with some pretty strong language, for which perhaps he might be excused, under the circumstances.

Little those who heard him cared about his troubles. What they wanted was to see that machine-bird soar aloft; and immediately cries began to arise that indicated bitter disappointment.

"Ain't you going to fly? Have we all come here for nothin'? Looks like a set-up job! Guess the whole thing's only a fake!" The captain ground his teeth in rage as these and other cries arose around him.

"Come and examine my arm yourselves, or send a doctor here to look at it, and I tell you now it would please me mightily if he told me it wasn't broken. I know better; it's a goner, sure as fate. And my right one, too! What can a man do with his right fin useless. Why, sometimes when you're up there, you'd give all you own for a third hand. I tell you I'm sick with bitter disappointment of it all. But friends, there's no use disguising it, the game is off for tonight, unless——"

He stopped right there and gave one burning look toward Tressie; and my heart almost ceased beating as the meaning of that glance flashed through my mind—could it be possible that his heart was so set upon carrying out his agreement with those plotters that he would allow, even encourage that frail girl to make the ascension, taking all the risks that must accompany a flight by the deceptive moonlight?

I saw her face, pale but determined, her eyes flashing with a sudden resolution, and in that instant I knew what she was about to do; unconsciously I stretched my hands out toward her in an appealing way, as though begging her not to acept the challenge; but she did not seem to notice me, all her attention being given to her father.

The crowd had become strangely still, and every eye seemed to be glued on the couple standing there before the aeroplane that waited the magical spark and throwing of the throttle to send it on its way.

Then I heard Tressie speak, though her words sounded far away.

"Rather than disappoint the gentlemen, I will take my father's place," she said, with a faint attempt at smiling, though I knew this was only done to conceal the fear tugging at her heart.

This capital story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

The Rajah Blue.

(Continued from page eleven.)

"Yes, you were afraid I would make a muss of the business. Why don't you say it?"

"But it wasn't that!" I cried. "Not much! Didn't I look into the business end of your baby pistol once upon a time? Don't you suppose I give you credit for having enough nerve and sand to supply a dozen ordinary girls?" I was spluttering. "I wish you you would believe that I refrained from telling you because I wanted you to have a good rest—wanted you to sleep and forget a little while."

"Please pardon me," she said. And then she said again: "Please!"

I pardoned her. If she had been Lucretia Borgia, proffering a nice cup of sure poison, and had said "please" in that fashion, I would have quaffed the stuff and forgiven her just the same.

Then I told her that I had found the place we were after, and related the episode of the young Hindu. During the telling of my story she first held her breath, and later laughed a little. It was good to see her laugh.

"And I have a great idea!" I told her, to top off my tale.

"Yes?"

"Oh, I can't tell you about it now! First tell me what you think, and what your plans are."

"Me? I have no plans; I can't think. I planned and schemed all the way from Calcutta to Pittsburgh. I can't scheme any more. It's such a comfort to have a man to—to——" She paused. "Now I know what I have missed by not having a big brother."

I didn't like that a little bit, but I made the best face I could and took it.

"Well, sister," I said, "I would suggest that you begin operations independent of me. I think it's up to you to open negotiations with the enemy looking to the trading of the bogus blue as a ransom for your father. I've thought it all over again and again, and now I am convinced that they didn't get the real stone, and that they think you still have it."

"And you'll go ahead with your great scheme?"

"Yes, I'll go ahead. If I fail, you may succeed. And then if they nibble at your bait, it may distract their attention from me and give me a clearer field for my operations."

"Won't you give me an inkling?"

'Well, first I shall go to rent a room on the top floor, rear, of a bulding that faces on a street that runs parallel to Rue de ——, on block south. Then I shall go across the river to make some purchases. Then I shall return and show you what I have bought. I think you will tumble to the scheme when you see."

I was strangely lucky in locating the desired room. The pension or rooming-house, that I had marked for the field of my first venture was not overcrowded, by any means, and I had little difficulty in getting a room on the top floor, rear. The fat old French woman who had the renting of the rooms tried her best to inveigle me into renting a lower and higher priced room, but I was so delighted with the top floor, rear, that she finally gave me up as a bad job. If I was insane enough to want such a garret, it was not for her to say me nay, but why such a decently dressed monsieur should fancy such a little room was beyond her. She did not exactly say this, but I could see that she was thinking things to that effect.

I paid her for a month in advance, so much to her astonishment that I feared she would become suspicious. I told her I would take possession that evening.

Then I went across the river to the new town, went to a big sporting-goods house and made some curious purchases, the most bulky article I bought being a thirty-two caliber Winchester automatic rifle, which I had packed in a rectangular wooden box instead of in the conventional guncase.

When I returned to the hotel, I found that Miss Nora had already taken steps toward opening negotiations with the "Five." She had written them a guarded letter calculated to pave the way to further exchanges of letters, a process that might at least keep the Hindus off my trail, if they resulted in nothing more to the point. This letter she had sent off by a special messenger, and when I came she was sitting anxiously waiting for a reply.

She was all eagerness to see what I had bought and to be let into the secret of my plan. When I opened the big box and took out the blue-barreled Winchester, she clapped her hands with delight, like a little girl, and patted the wicked-looking thing affectionately.

"Oh, you Winchester!" she cooed. "How homesick you make me feel!"

And she must read every word of the inscription stamped in Gothic letters on the barrel, just in front of where it enters the frame, and must take it in her own hands and try its balance and squint through its sights.

"I've never used an automatic," she said. "I've always toted a little twenty-two."

And we fell to discussing the automatic, fussing with it and trying the action, like the rifle cranks we were, and almost forgetting what the rifle was for.

"But what is the scheme?" asked Miss Nora presently. She looked at the rifle doubtfully. "This is Paris, remember."

"Well, I'm not figuring on shooting up this Paree town in broad daylight, you may bank on that."

I began to unpack my other purchases. First I laid out a box of smokless cartridges for the Winchester. Then I unpacked a fieldglass of the most improved model, one of those little German affairs no bigger than a pair of opera glasses, but with pulling power like a small Lick telescope. Last, I unwrapped a curious-looking little metal cylinder about six inches long and perhaps an inch in diameter. I reached for the rifle Then the girl, who had been watching me with round eyed interest, gave vent to a little gasp of amazement.

"Well I never!" was her particularly

TOM OF STONY POINT;

Or, Fighting With Mad Anthony

By CAPTAIN JACK JUDSON

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CHAPTER I.

A DANGEROUS MISSION.

"AREN'T you afraid, Tom?"

The bright-eyed, well-built youth of sixteen looked up at these words and fixed his eyes upon the fair girl who had just spoken.

"It's not a very pleasant mission, I'll admit, Alice, but it's a pleasure to serve Mad Anthony."

The candles on the table threw a soft light over the occupants of the little room which looked out upon the short landscape that lay between the house and the Hudson.

"Do you think," continued the girl, deeply interested, "that General Wayne really intends to storm Stony Point?"

"I have not been admitted to his confidence. When he sent for me yesterday he asked if I knew the ground between here and the fort, and of course I told him that I did. You know I am familiar with every foot of it, Alice."

"I know you are, Tom," smiled the girl. "But the region swarms with Tories who are always on the watch to strike a blow for the King. There's old Totten Ford, one of the most active. It is said that he actually carries a royal commission. He is on excellent terms with the British in the fort, and if he should suspect that you are General Wayne's spy——"

"Of course he would unmask me, and there would be trouble and lots of it," interposed Tom Hewlett; "but you see, Alice, I don't intend to let an old Loyalist, however shrewd he may be, get the whip hand of me."

"It's a very dangerous mission," responded Alice Hope. "I fear to see you undertake it, Tom, although I know it is in the interest of liberty."

"That's just it!" exclaimed the boy, rising and going to the door. "You know it would hardly do to send a man to the fort, for he would at once be suspected, but when it comes to a boy like me——"

"Boys, I know, can get through where men would fail," Alice interrupted. "To whom have you communicated your task?"

"Oh, I've told Ned, and he, you know, is true blue, and hates the King and his red-coated soldiers."

"Ned is all right," confirmed the girl. "I must ask you to keep a close watch on Reuben Dickey and his friends."

Tom smiled, and taking up the snuffers trimmed the candles thoughtfully.

"It's hardly necessary to post me regarding Reuben and his Tory band," he answered. "Of course they hate Ned and me, but they have kept clear of General Wayne's camp, for the atmosphere there doesn't agree with their principles. As you say, it's the full-grown Tories that we have to fear most, men like Totten Ford and Caleb Post."

"And women like Meg Moffin, who keeps the inn down the road, the inn guarded by the big dog as savage as a lion."

Tom laughed. "I'm going to pay my respects to that dog before long," said he. "He knows a Rebel from a Tory, for whenever I come in sight he shows his teeth and makes for me. They say Mistress Moffin keeps a straw man dressed like a patriot, and trains the dog to know the difference between a Rebel and a King's man."

"I don't doubt it!" cried Alice. "But if you are going to Stony Point as a spy, keep your eyes open, Tom."

"That is just what General Wayne instructed me to do. I am to examine the ground between here and the fort, to get into the fort myself, and make notes of its approaches, its garrison and defenses. If anybody can storm that place, that person is Mad Anthony who drove the redcoats at Germantown."

"He drove them right royally there, I'm told," said Alice, with a flush of pride. "If General Knox hadn't dallied, Mad Anthony would have swept everything before him."

"Just as he will when he gets ready to storm Stony Point," Tom cried, with rising enthusiasm. "But I must be going. I have to get ready for my mission."

"When do you start?"

"Sometime about dusk tomorrow," was the reply. "I think I have a plan by which I can get into the fort."

"You have my best wishes for success, as you know, Tom," said the patriot girl. "Look out for number one. That is the best advice I can give you."

"Thank you," responded Tom, doffing his hat as Alice's cheeks colored.

She waved her hand at the youth as he crossed the open space before the house, and then returned to her knitting at the table.

"Tom's a good, brave boy," she thought. "He is willing to do anything to break the rule of the King in the Colonies, but I don't thank General Wayne for sending him on a perilous mission like that."

A light rap sounded suddenly on the door. The girl rose and opened it.

"Good night, Miss Alice," said a voice, and the next moment she was gazing at a boy whose angular face seemed to cut the gloom which had gathered about the house.

"I thought I would stop a few moments," he went on, as he entered without so much as an invitation.

It was apparent that his company was not wholly agreeable to the fair girl, but she dissembled in a manner which could not excite suspicion, and saw the boy seat himself in the chair just vacated by Tom.

Cletus Couch lived not far from the American camp, and it was known that his father sided with the King. More than this Alice was aware that he trained with Reuben Dickey, who was an outspoken Tory and an enemy of Tom's.

It struck her at once that the present visit was not one of accident, but of design. She wondered if Cletus had seen Tom depart from the house, and, fearing that he might have done so, Alice resolved to be discreet.

She left Cletus to open the conversation, and returned quickly to her work. The boy watched her covertly, as if trying to read her thoughts, but he soon gave it up.

"They are sending a good many troops to Sandy Beach just now," he ventured.

Alice most cleverly exhibited surprise.

"I haven't been down that way," said she, looking up.

"No? Well, General Wayne has come, and I am told that there are more than two thousand Rebels down there now."

"Have you been there, Cletus?"

"No, but a friend who came up to our house yesterday says as much. I don't see what they want to do."

"I'm sure I don't know," innocently answered the girl, thinking all the while of Tom and his mission. "There are no British around here."

"None nearer than Stony Point," said Cletus. "But heavens! Miss Alice, General Wayne doesn't think he can reduce that place?"

There was no reply, and the needles flew a little faster as the girl lowered her eyes.

"Seems to me," continued the youth, crossing his legs, "the Rebels are getting desperate."

"In what way, Master Couch?"

"Oh, in many ways! They are running off cattle to keep from starving, I suppose."

The girl flushed, and it was on the end of her tongue to make answer which would not have been very pleasant for youthful Tory ears.

"You know I never discuss these things," she said softly. "I know very little of war——"

"Just like myself," broke in Cletus. "I say let the men do the fighting, and may the best ones win."

A brief silence fell between the pair. Cletus snuffed the candles, but with his eyes all the time upon the fair knitter who did not seem aware of his presence.

A dog barked outside the house.

The next moment there was a yelp of pain, and Alice, throwing down her work, hastened to the door.

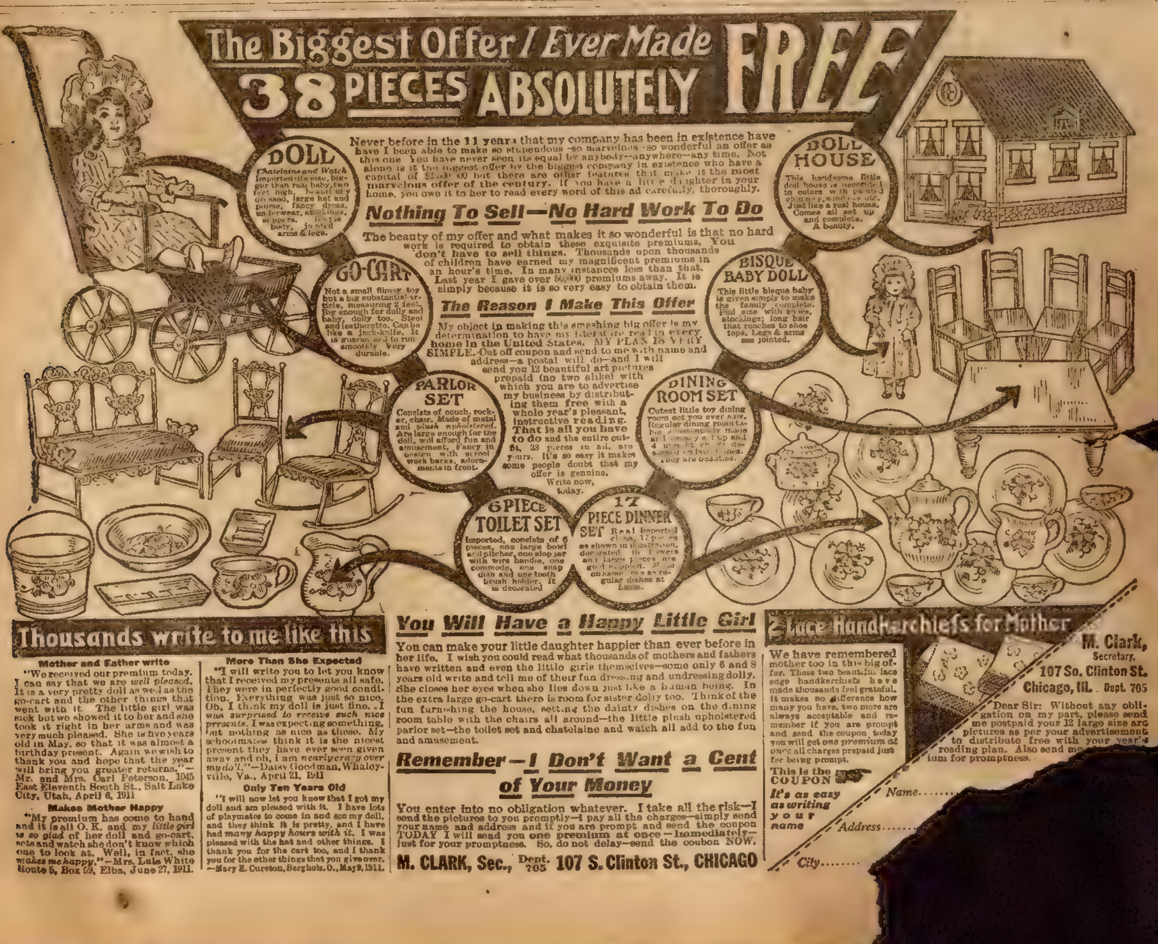
"Some one has hit Tiger with a stone," Cletus heard her say in indignant tones. "This is the second time it has occurred within a week. Tiger is the safeguard of the house, and I will not have him abused."

She turned on her heel, and took a rifle from its pegs over the empty fireplace.

"A dog's a dog," said Cletus. "You should be careful whom you fire at, Miss Alice."

"I would fire at King George if he abused Tiger!" came back in scathing tones.

The girl opened the door, and with the cocked weapon in her hands, looked out searchingly. The night was dark. She could see no one, but from up the road came a sharp derisive laugh [illegible]



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"My premium has come to hand and it is all O. K. and my *little girl is so glad* of her doll and go-cart, sets and watch she don't know which one to look at. Well, in fact, she *makes me happy.*"—Mrs. Lula White Route 5, Box 59, Elba, June 27, 1911.

More Than She Expected

"I will write you to let you know that I received my presents all safe. They were in perfectly good condition. Everything was just so nice. Oh, I think my doll is just fine. I *was surprised to receive such nice presents.* I was expecting something, but nothing as nice as these. My schoolmates think it is the nicest present they have ever seen given away and oh, I am *nearly crazy over my doll.*"—Daisy Goodman, Whaleyville, Va., April 21, 1911

Only Ten Years Old

"I will now let you know that I got my doll and am pleased with it. I have lots of playmates to come in and see my doll, and they think it is pretty, and I have had *many happy hours with it.* I was pleased with the hat and other things. I thank you for the cart too, and I thank you for the other things that you give over.—Mary E. Cureton, Bergholz, O., May 9, 1911.

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heard it too. In another moment a brindled dog limped into the house and cast himself whining at Alice's feet.

"I told you so!" she cried, turning upon the young Tory. "I wish you would tell Master Dickey that he must not abuse Tiger."

"Master Dickey?" echoed Cletus, though he knew very well who had laughed up the road.

"Yes, Reuben Dickey," said the girl. "You can tell him what I've said."

"I would not like to turn him against you, Miss Alice."

"Very well. I shall tell him myself."

The dog retired to a corner where he lay licking his bruised leg.

"But about those troops at Sandy Beach?" pursued Cletus, going back to his first words. "Don't you think it means something?"

"I cannot tell."

"You don't think General Wayne will have the audacity to attempt to take the fort?"

The boy's persistence was more than Alice could stand. The attack upon Tiger had aroused her sensibilities.

"You have no right to question me," she said, turning upon her visitor so suddenly that he started. "I have not been made acquainted with General Wayne's plans."

"With none of them?" and Cletus craned his thin neck forward in an insolent manner.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing, I'm quite sure," answered the boy. "But while I'm here, I would like to ask for permission to drop in occasionally and keep you company."

"I am not lonely," said Alice, suppressing a smile."

"But you like to see friends now and then, don't you?"

"Real friends, yes," with emphasis. "I am going to bathe Tiger's leg with liniment," and Alice, taking a bottle from a nearby shelf, totally ignored Cletus, who frowned threateningly.

"Good night," said he, rising. "I'll call again," and the next moment he was gone.

"She likes to see real friends, she says!" he cried. "I suppose Rebel Tom Hewlett is one of those. We'll trap him presently and then, Miss Alice, you will be left in the lurch!" And with this he disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE SNARE.

Master Couch did not halt until he had crossed the threshold of a famous place in those days. This was the Red Horse Inn, kept by a giantess known as Meg Moffin.

Meg was a widow and an ardent Tory, hating everything that smacked of American liberty, and was at all times ready to advance the cause of King George and his generals. She was thought to be in direct communication with Colonel Johnson, who commanded at Stony Point, for she often sent him dainties by her servants, and in return the doughty Colonel made her presents of gold coin and other valuables.

Mistress Moffin had wonderful black eyes, and the moment she beheld Cletus, whom she knew very well, she called to him in her rasping voice:

"How now, Master Couch? Have you been looking at the tatterdemalions General Wayne is marshaling for some great enterprise?"

Cletus deposited himself on a handy settee and smiled. "I don't like Rebels well enough to visit their camp," said he, eyeing Meg.

"Say you so, eh?" cried the landlady of the Red Horse Inn. "One o' these fine days the Rebel army will move, and then we shall have some more trouble with the rascals."

"I don't know," returned the boy; "I say, Mistress Meg, do you think Mad Anthony, as they call him, has designs against Stony Point?"

At this the ponderous creature fell against the table and laughed uproariously.

"Why, you are losing your wits, Cletus!" she cried.

"They do some very bold things, these audacious Rebels," said he. "I have an idea that something is now going on in secret against the King's cause."

Meg's face assumed an interesting expression.

"What makes you think so, boy?"

"I observed certain movements this very night which looked suspicious."

"In what way, lad?"

"I happened to be near a certain house lower down, and the door opened——"

"All doors are liable to do that," broke in Meg, with a little laugh.

"I know. But this door opened to let out a boy who is surely against the King."

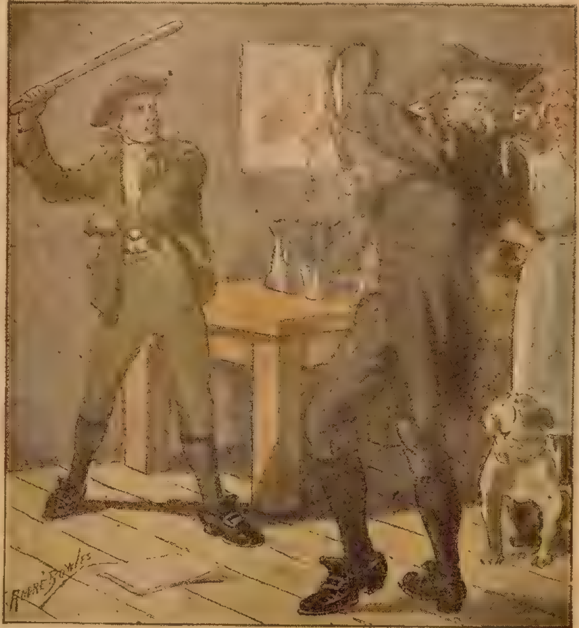
"Eh? We must watch these young Rebels!" exclaimed Meg.

"That is just what we must do," coincided Cletus. "I overheard a good-by when the boy went away, and this set me to thinking. He is embarking on a mission which is not designed to help our cause."

"This is interesting," Meg cried. "But you haven't told me who the boy was."

Cletus cast a furtive glance around the room, and then turned his eyes once more to the giantess who was all ears and intensely eager.

"It was Tom Hewlett," said he, slightly lowering his voice.



"If you dare!" said the boy.

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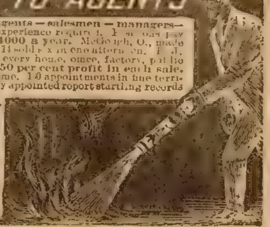

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In a Plain Box

"That jackanapes?" cried the woman.

"None other," answered Cletus.

"And where was he, pray?"

"He was a-visiting."

"That's not very definite, Master Couch."

"You see I don't want to get any one into trouble, especially friends of mine, but you know I hate Rebels with all my heart, Mistress Meg."

"And so do I. Well, I won't press you. So you think Tom Hewlett is about to damage the King's cause in some way? Well, you know his father is somewhere with the great Rebel, Washington, and Tom's a chip of the old block."

"That's what he is," confirmed Cletus.

"Well, I'll set Master Ford at him," said Meg. "I wish he would come prowling round the inn so I could set Leo at him as well. Leo doesn't like Rebels, and but yesterday he attacked Sam Turner as he was crossing the upper bridge, and came home with some of Sam's trousers in his mouth."

"That was good!" cried Cletus, clapping his hands, for he had no love for the Turners, who were known to be heart and soul for the cause of liberty.

"I'm looking for Tetton Ford every minute," pursued Meg of the inn. "We'll acquaint him with your suspicions, and a watch will be set on this young Rebel."

The last words had scarcely left her lips, when the door was thrown open, and a tall man with an evil-looking face shoved forward.

"Welcome, Master Ford!" exclaimed Meg with a smile. "You're just the man I want to see."

Tetton Ford, the Tory, walked over to a chair and deposited himself upon it as he turned his face toward Meg.

"I hope you have some news," he said, with a growl. "I don't like the way things are going in this neck of the woods. Our soil is being contaminated by such Rebels as General Wayne, who is taking our cattle to feed his troops and——"

"My news is about that Rebel, Master Ford, but there's a boy in the muddle."

Tetton Ford threw a look in Cletus' direction.

"Oh, I don't mean Master Couch," Meg hastened to say. "I'll vouch for his loyalty."

"That's good."

"Do you know one Tom Hewlett?" the woman asked.

"Old Ben Hewlett's boy?"

"The same, Master Ford."

"I know the whole herd, and I can't say anything good of a single one."

"Now, this young Tom Hewlett seems to have some scheme in view, from what Cletus here overheard."

"A scheme against the King's cause?"

"It can't be anything else, for he is Rebel to the core, like his father."

"Go on. I'm all ears, Mistress Meg."

Thereupon the woman of the inn turned to Cletus, and told him to relate all he had overheard upon Tom's departure from Alice's home. The young Tory did so, without naming the place where he had overheard the good-bys, and Tetton Ford listened attentively.

"I more than half believe it means something," he observed, with a glance at Meg and Cletus concluded. "I'll attend to this young firebrand."

"I think he needs attention," said the keeper of the Red Horse Inn. "Caleb saw him in General Wayne's camp but yesterday, and he's not hanging round there for nothing."

Cletus spoke at this juncture.

"Oh, I don't know what to think of what I happened to overheard," said he, "but I thought it advisable to put our friends on their guard."

"You are doing right, boy," Ford returned. "By the way, how is the Loyal League coming on?"

"We are doing very well," answered Cletus. "Reuben has secured four new members, and is thinking of marching us up to the fort to be reviewed by Colonel Johnson."

"He'll treat you royally, boy," Tetton said. "I doubt not he will give you anything you want in the way of arms and ammunition. I will give you a letter to the Colonel whenever you want it."

Cletus bowed his thanks and rose to go. At that moment there was a growl outside, and then a cry of alarm. Meg sprang to the door and threw it open. In another moment she was on the porch that fronted the inn, and her loud voice could be plainly heard.

"Bring him on, Leo! Don't let go of him, if he is a Rebel spy."

There were more animal-like growls, the voice of some one speaking harshly to a dog, and then two figures appeared in the light which streamed from the inn.

The huge bulldog was actually dragging some one forward, and in a few seconds that person stood on the porch with the teeth of the canine in his trousers.

"Bless me, if it isn't Master Hewlett!" almost screamed Meg Moffin. "What are you doing prowling about my premises at this hour?"

Tom, who had lost his hat in his fierce struggle with the great brute, shot Meg a stern look, and then called to her to take her dog off.

"I was on my way home," he explained. "I had no intention of rousing your dog, but the brute saw me and sprang forward like a foe from ambush."

Meg spoke in commanding tones to the dog, and he reluctantly loosened his grip on his victim and fell back growling.

By this time both Tetton Ford and Cletus were at the door, though the latter kept in the background, not caring to be seen by Tom.

"What's this?" demanded the Tory. "You haven't been spying for the Rebel Wayne, Master Tom?"

"Not me," answered Tom unabashed, though he knew the meanness and power of the man who addressed him. "What is there about Mistress Meg's inn to spy, I should like to know?"

"Nothing, of course," said the woman. "I'm just a lady who keeps shelter and food for man and beast."

Tom looked down at his torn garments, and then glanced at the dog, which was eyeing him with all the savageness of his nature.

"Just going home, were you?" asked Tetton Ford, in mocking tones. "I don't know about that."

Tom persisted in his declaration, and added that the inn was not out of his way.

"Come inside," commanded Ford with a scowl. "I won't keep you long."

Knowing that with a single word Meg could set the dog upon him, the young patriot sullenly obeyed, and when he was inside, Tetton Ford slammed the door. The light of the candles fell full upon the scene thus displayed.

"This is just as good a time as any to get a new recruit for the King," he said.

Tom was silent. The Tory's words thrilled him, but he did not reply.

"Now, Master Hewlett, you will oblige us by taking the oath of loyalty to King George."

Tom lost every vestige of color, but the next moment his face flushed with indignation. He was totally unarmed and in the power of his bitter foes.

"You heard me, boy?" continued Tetton Ford. "I don't speak in riddles."

"I heard you, sir," Tom answered, "but grasped in a menacing mann .

"Aye, but you shall!" almost roared the Tory. "You've locked the door, Meg? Good! Hands up, Master Hewlett!"

Tom felt his blood course hot through every vein.

"Take the King's oath?" cried he, as he recoiled. "That is something a Hewlett will never do!"

CHAPTER III.

A NEW DANGER.

Tom, the patriot, was in the greatest dilemma of his life.

The door behind him was locked, and he was confronted by Tetton Ford, the most uncompromising Tory of the neighborhood. Not only this, but Tiger, the bulldog, was eyeing him in a savage manner, and was ready to leap forward at a word from his giant mistress.

"You will not, eh?" cried Ford. "You will not take the King's oath?"

"I cannot sir. That would be surrendering my sentiments," answered Tom.

"Sentiments! Fudge!" was the response.

The Tory stepped across the room and took from a peg in the wall a blacksnake whip, the handle of which he I don't care to take the King's oath."

He turned again upon Tom with fury in his eye.

"Now, sir, the oath," cried he, and the whip was lifted above his head.

Tom braced himself, whilst he eyed his persecutor, and his thoughts raced through his brain.

Meg stood with arms akimbo and a smile on her homely face.

A safe retreat seemed out of the question, but Tom resolved not to take the outrageous oath which was to be forced upon him by the enemies of freedom.

All at once the roving eyes of the boy spied a heavy cudgel which occupied a corner almost within reach of his hands. In another instant he had seized it and stood on the defensive.

"Drop that stick!" commanded Ford.

Tom's only reply was to grip the stick with more emphasis, and his look was threatening in the extreme.

With an oath Tetton Ford advanced a step, and the heavy weapon was thrown above Tom's head.

"If you dare!" said the boy.

Tetton Ford had a head which he did not care to have cracked, and he knew that if Tom struck, King George might lose a friend in the Colonies.

The huge dog was waiting for his orders.

"Back!" thundered the heroic boy, as he swept the stick before him.

The old Tory recoiled.

"Now," said Tom to Cletus Couch, "open that door."

Cletus looked at Tetton Ford and

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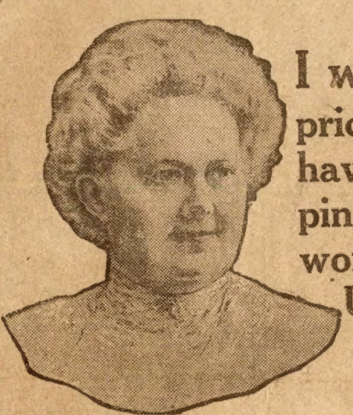

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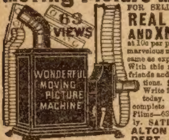

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hesitated, not knowing how to proceed.

"We'll get him some other time," said the Tory. "Let the young rat out, Master Couch."

Cletus, glad to get rid of Tom on any pretense—for he, too, feared the black stick—sprang forward and turned the key in the lock. The door swung ajar, and the next moment Tom was at the threshold.

"Good night," said he, addressing the whole party. "We'll meet some day under different circumstances, I hope."

There was no response, and an instant later the figure of the young Rebel shot across the porch and was gone.

As Tom went down the path which led from the Red Horse Inn, a smile suffused his face.

"It was a narrow escape," he said to himself. "That is a real Tory nest, and it contains some fine birds!"

He was glad to leave the place behind him, but he resolved to turn the tables on his foes at the first opportunity. Half an hour later he was relating his exciting experience to his friend, Ned Binford.

"Do you think," asked Ned, "that they suspected your mission to Stony Point?"

"I do not know, Ned. I cannot think who has betrayed me."

"There is Cletus——"

"Oh, he's Tory all right," answered Tom. "He may have been prowling around, and perhaps he saw me with Alice in her house."

"I wouldn't put it past the boy."

"Nor would I, Ned."

"Do you still intend to carry out your plans?"

"Why not? I promised Mad Anthony that I would get into the British fort and see all I could. I shall go thither if all King George's soldiers are there!"

These were brave words bravely spoken, and Tom Hewlett was just the boy to carry them into effect. He knew the danger attached to his mission, but it should not deter him. He was patriotic, heart and soul, was willing to give his young life for liberty, and he again resolved to keep his word with General Wayne.

When he reached home he found awaiting him a man of singular appearance. This person was Archie Black, an old coon hunter of the region, a thin-faced old man who wore a coonskin cap with the tail hanging down his back.

"I've been waiting for ye, Tom," said the old man, as his face glowed with a smile of gratification. "I want to know. There are rumors that Mad Anthony intends to storm Stony Point."

Tom was chary about giving out information. While he did not know what plans General Wayne had in his mind, he was loath to give out any hints that might bring his plans to naught. But then old Archie was entirely trustworthy, and they had often hunted together.

"I don't know what the General's plans are," said Tom. "Of course, the massing of the troops hereabouts means something."

"I'm sure o' that, Tom. Mad Anthony wouldn't be here if there wasn't something in the wind."

Tom made an evasive reply, and the old coon hunter patted his rifle. "I'm longing for a chance to get at the redcoats myself," he said. "If Mad Anthony is going to the fort, I want to see a little hot work myself."

Tom took the old man to one side and told the story of his proposed mission.

"If any person can get into the fort, you're that one," Archie said. "Mad Anthony knows just whom he can trust for the job, but how are you going to get in, my boy?"

"I've got plans ready."

"The fort is well guarded," observed old Archie, "and the gathering o' the troops here will make the enemy suspicious."

"Certainly, but that will render me more cautious."

"Exactly."

"So you try it tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"If Tetton Ford suspects, don't you think he will inform Colonel Johnson?"

"That would be just like him."

"If I can be of any service to you, Tom, I'll help."

"You can do me one good service," answered the boy.

"Speak out."

"I shall not set out for Stony Point before noon tomorrow. In the meantime you can spy around and see if I am suspected."

"I'll do that Tom and gladly. I'll report tomorrow in good time."

With this old Archie shouldered his long-barreled rifle and bade Tom good night.

The boy entered the house, and soon crept to his bed in the attic to get a good sleep for the trying times which were to come.

It was a beautiful night. The heavens were gemmed with stars, and by and by the moon would sail over the adjacent hill and shower the whole landscape with beauty. Tom lay awake for some time, his head full of exciting thoughts, but at last he fell asleep.

When he awoke suddenly, he found that the moon was shining in at the little window, and he sat up in bed and enjoyed the scene for some time. All at once something struck the window, and Tom was out of bed in a second.

"Tom?" said a voice below, as the boy looked out.

"Is it you, Ned?"

"Yes. Dress and come down. There's something afoot."

Tom Hewlett got into his clothes in a trice, and within a minute had joined his friend under a tree.

"The Loyal League is having a secret meeting," whispered Ned. "I happened to run across them awhile ago, and I thought best to let you know."

"Where are they?"

"They're down at Caleb Post's house."

"Just the place for a meeting of liberty's foes!" exclaimed Tom. "We'll see what is 'in the wind,' as old Archie says."

The two boys hurried away, and soon reached a house which stood alone in a little grove. One light was all they saw, and they began to approach the place with the utmost caution.

When they looked into a small room, they beheld half a dozen boys of their own ages grouped about Reuben Dickey, who was the head of the Loyal League.

Cletus Couch was among them.

Reuben, the young Tory, was gesticulating in the midst of the group, and his companions were listening attentively.

The absence of a pane enabled Tom and Ned to hear every word.

"You have just heard what Cletus reported," Reuben said. "Tom Hewlett must be curbed. He refused to take the King's oath, and made his escape from the Red Horse Inn."

The boy Tories did not speak.

"Tom is hand-and-glove with General Wayne," Reuben continued. "We must pay our respects to him, and the sooner the better."

"That's right!" exclaimed one of the boys, a stout young fellow named Ralph Moore. "I've been waiting six months to get back at Tom Hewlett for the thrashing he gave me down at the branch."

"You'll soon have the opportunity, Ralph," laughed Reuben. "We've got the League formed now, and are strong enough to show the Rebels that we are to be reckoned with."

He paused a moment and drew a letter from his pocket. "I have here a letter from Colonel Johnson in which he says that we must keep our eyes open and not let the Rebels get the upper hand of us."

Reuben did not read the letter, but put it back in his pocket and looked at his friends. "I shall be at the fort tomorrow," he went on. "I am going to see Colonel Johnson."

"When will you be back, Reuben?"

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Fill in the coupon; let me send you at once my free booklet in plain sealed envelope; it is profusely illustrated with half-tone photos; keep it in your pocket for easy reference; read the chapter on Vitality; read the chapter on Debility; read the chapter on those subjects which interest every man, young or old, who would be strong in manly vigor. It is a word of hope, a carefully written, interesting booklet which should be in every one's possession. Therefore send today.

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Dear Sirs:—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free.

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ADDRESS

"That depends. I may spend the night in the fort. I want to know just what Colonel Johnson expects of us."

Tom and Ned looked at each other in silence. Here was a new danger. A few minutes later the boys of the Loyal League made ready to quit the house, and Tom and Ned glided away.

"What if you find Reuben in the fort when you get there, Tom?" suddenly asked Ned.

"Never mind," was the prompt reply. "I'm going to Stony Point, Reuben or no Reuben!"

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this rattling good boys' story. They have great times. Read it to the end and see. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Distracted Wife—Johnnie hasn't come home from the circus. Do you suppose they have carried him off?

Husband—No, indeed; they have enough wild animals without Johnnie.

* * *

Women With Nerves.

A famous Italian specialist, Dr. Enrico Serafini, has been trying to find out why women have nerves and after thorough studies in Europe, he came to the United States to seek the secret here.

The Philadelphia American says he was answered the question promptly. The woman with all the diversion she wants has so much more than she needs that she is headed straight for the miseries of neurasthenia.

Neurasthenia in its scientific perfection was found by Dr. Serafini to prevail among American women of wealth and refinement. It is worse in Washington than in New York, because Washington's actitivies are almost wholly social, while New York, in spite of its tremendous onrush of energy, mixes business and pleasure so thoroughly that people have less chance to suffer the monotony of continual amusement.

Our very phase of neurasthenia is peculiar. The Latin races become so exhausted that they are limp with lassitude; the pure Saxons grow utterly dull and torpid; the Americans are overstimulated, as though they must keep going on faster and faster. The best thing to do with these human comets is to condemn them to such absolute rest and silence that they won't even think.

"The fundamental trouble that lies back of a good deal of American neurasthenia," Dr. Mills says, "is the lack of resource for genuine diversion on the part of both men and women. It goes back to their early education. To those who have risen in this new country to positions of large wealth it often happens that the original intellectual resources are not sufficient, and people are compelled to turn to whatever pleasures their altered social position may offer."

* * *

Bits of History.

Elaborate precautions were taken in the eighteenth century to insure the fitness of English ale. The official sugar seeker was an institution. His post, though no sinecure, required little brain work. But leather breeches were indispensable. Here is his program: "He would enter an inn unexpectedly, draw a glass of ale, pour it on a wooden bench and sit down in the little puddle he had made. Here he would sit for thirty minutes by the clock. He would converse, he would smoke and he would drink with all who asked him to, but he would be very careful not to change his position. At the end of the half hour he would make as if to rise and this was the test of the ale; for if the ale was impure, if the ale had sugar in it, the tester's leather breeches would stick to the bench."

Animals have been tried and condemned for other crimes than Sabbath breaking. Chassenee, the eminent French jurist, defended certain rats accused of destroying a barley crop and obtained a postponement on the ground that so many defendants could not be reached by a single summons. The summons must be read from the pulpit of every parish in which the rats were supposed to dwell. The dumb animal has often been tried and executed with the proper legal formalities, even in England, and as late as the nineteenth century. In that land a cock has been tried, found guilty and burned at the stake for the crime of laying an egg.

A recent nineteen hours' sitting of the House of Commons created a sensation. But it is almost a trifle compared with what happened in the spacious days before the closure was introduced. There was the Irish "night" of July 31 and Aug. 1, 1877, when the chaplain arriving to read prayers at noon for the Wednesday sitting found the Tuesday sitting still in progress. "Ah!" said Erskine May to him. "We are past praying for." But the record was achieved by the forty-one hours' sitting of Jan. 31 to Feb. 2, 1881.

* * *

Single Women.

A clever old maid once said that it was far better to be laughed at because you were not married than not to be able to laugh because you were. There is sound logic in that. It is well for woman to marry if she meets a good, true man, who loves her and whom she loves; but if she be not suited, better, far better, that she remain single.

The majority of old maids are helpful, lovable, and sweet-tempered, and fill their allotted niche as acceptably as do their married sisters. Are they not more to be honored than they would have been had they married merely for a home or position? Many young ladies have erroneous ideas upon this subject. They feel almost disgraced, if they arrive at a mature age, and are not yet able to write "Mrs." before their names. Their whole ambition is to get a husband, by hook or by crook, but get him somehow they must. Consequently, they take the first man who offers himself, whether he really suits them or not.

Now, girls, do not marry in haste. Get the best education possible, help in the domestic affairs, and enter upon some trade or profession for which you have a taste, and master it. Skilled labor is always well paid. Don't spend your time repining because you cannot see the coming man. If you never see him, you can live useful, happy lives. You think if you had a husband, you would have a strong arm on which to lean, a sharer of sorrow and trouble. Alas, many a weak woman has had not only to stand alone, but also serve as prop for children and husband, and very few wives find in their husbands all the sympathy and companionship they desire. If you are good for anything, you will not be injured by remaining single, neither will you be elevated by becoming "John's wife." Do your duty in life and you will count for one in the world, whether married or single.

* * *

Clock's Admonition.

The old Temple clock in London bears a curious inscription, the origin of which is ascribed to a chance remark.

Some two hundred years or so ago a master workman was employed to repair and put in a new face upon the clock. When his work was nearly done he asked the benchers for an appropriate motto to carve upon the base. They promised to think of one. Week after week he came for their decision, but was put off. One day he found them at dinner in commons.

"What motto shall I put on the clock, your lordship?" he asked of a learned judge.

"Oh, go about your business!" his honor cried, angrily.

"And very suitable for a lazy, dawdling gang!" the clockmaker is said to have muttered as he retreated, says Harper's Weekly. It is certain that he carved "Go about your business" on the base.

The lawyers decided that no better warning could be given them at any hour of the day, and there the inscription still remains.

* * *

A bald man doesn't want the earth. Give him a bottle of hair restorer that will restore, and he'll go on his way rejoicing.

Mistress—Here it is 6 o'clock, Jane, and you promised to be back at 4.

Maid—Hobble skirt, ma'am, takes longer to get there and back.

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Oh You Kid.-.Mandy Lee.-.Tittle Tattle Tale.-.I'd Rather Two-Step Than Waltz, Bill..-..-..-.
Casey Jones-.Silver Bell.-.Sweetheart Days..-.I'm tying the leaves so They Won't Come Down
Baby Doll..-.School Days-.Would You Care..-.Come Along, Little Girl, Come Along..-..-..
Blue Bell..-.San Antonio-.Always in the way-.Just a Gleam of Heaven in Her Eyes..-..-..-
Teasing...-.Any Rags..-.When I Marry You-.Won't You Come Over to My House..-.'Home'
Ida Ho...-.Red Wing.-.I wish I Had a Girl-.Longest Way Round is the Sweetest Way
Rainbow..-.Somewhere-.Down On the Farm-.Will you love me in December as you do in May
Navajoe..-.Dreaming.-.My Pony Boy....-.Any Little Girl That's a Nice Little Girl is
He's a Cousin of Mine..-.Yankee Doodle Boy- the Right Little Girl for Me
Good Bye My Lady Love-.I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now-I've Got Rings on My Fingers
That's How I Love You.-.How Do You Do Miss Josephine..-O'Brien Has No Place to Go.-
In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye.Pride of the Prairie Mary..By the Light of the Silvery Moon...Just Because I Loved You so
Can't You See I'm Lonely.In Dear Old Fairy Land...Take me Out to the Ball Game........Roses Bring Dreams of You.
You're a Grand Old Flag..Shine on Harvest Moon.....Waltz me around again Willie......If I Only Had the Nerve.....
Why Don't You Try....Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet.My Wife's Gone to the Country.....Has anybody here seen Kelly

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Oh You Kid
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Red Wing
Dreaming
Rainbow
School Days
Winter

Rain-in-the-Face
When I Marry You
Always in the Way
Good-Bye Susanna
Are You Sincere
Clover Blossoms
Would You Care
Just Some One
Same Old Moon
Holding Hands
Naughty Eyes
My Pony Boy

Waltz Me Around Again Willie
O'Brien Has No Place to Go
If I Only Had a Sweetheart
Roses Bring Dreams of You
Take Me Back to Dreamland
My Dream of the U. S. A.
Shine On Harvest Moon
I Wish I Had a Girl
Waiting at the Church
Why Don't You Try
Be Sweet to Me Kid
Some of These Days

I'd Like to Feather a Nest For You
Peek-a-boo, Mister Moon, Peek-a-boo
I'm Trying So Hard to Forget You
I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark
Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon
You Have Stolen My Heart Away
I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid
Will You Always Call Me Honey
Take Me Out to the Ball Game
Will You Forgive If I Forget
Love Me and the World Is Mine
Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland

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You see, WE MUST MAKE GOOD—we must send you a quality that will win your instant favor—and we will do it.

Note the price—only 80 cents a quart (express paid) for this highest grade bottled-in-bond whiskey—a whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under U. S. Government supervision—and every bottle sealed with the Government's official bottled-in-bond stamp—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey—fully aged—full 100% proof—and full measure—and absolutely PURE to the very last drop.

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THE FAIRY CORNER

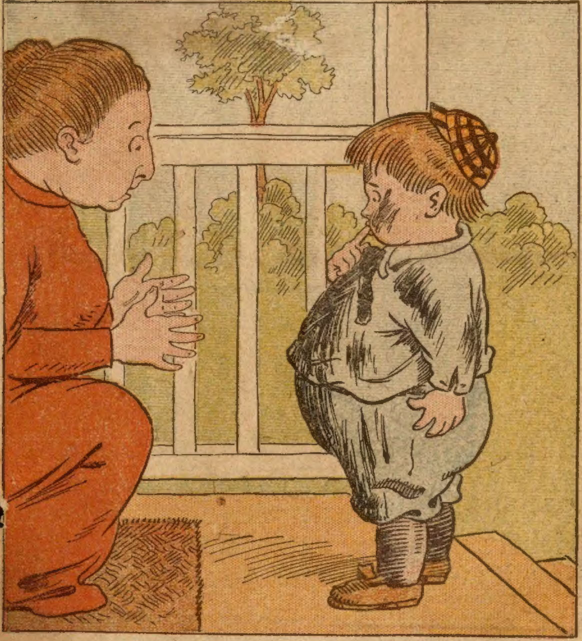
THE CHILD'S KICK.

Mother has gone to Reno,
 Father lives at the club;
Sister is over in Europe
 Hunting a titled dub.

I'm left alone with the servants;
 I sit here and wonder all day
If I am father's or mother's—
 Kind judge, won't you hurry and say?

■

JAKE'S GAME.



"Where have you been for mercy's sake?"
 His mother cried to little Jake.
"Why, we were playin' animals,"
 He said, "An' me—I was the snake!"

AMBITION.

There was once a little yeast-plant. You can't think how little he was, but he was more ambitious than many a larger and more ferocious vegetable— [illegible]kly pears, for instance, or cacti, or [illegible] plant. Now this little yeast-plant—his name was George—was more ambitious than any other yeast-plant in the cake. He lived in a cake—not a chocolate-cake or a jelly-cake, but a yeast cake—and it sometimes used to annoy the muffins and other things around to hear the way he would talk.

"I intend to rise in the world," he said one morning to a teabiscuit. "I shall rise so that I shan't be able to see you without the aid of a microscope."

This annoyed the teabiscuit, who was [illegible]her short in his temper, having been [illegible] with too much shortening, and he [illegible]hings to George that would have [illegible]ything but an ambitious yeast- [illegible] up and blow away.

[illegible] to George as if he never [illegible]ance to rise, because, you [illegible] not begin doing it until [illegible] dough. But at last [illegible]longed to the house [illegible]cake had been left [illegible]ed with a desire [illegible]e cook did not [illegible] girl's mother [illegible]t will keep [illegible] con- [illegible] some [illegible] early in the morning and make some loaves.

All that night George riz and he riz and he riz, and he riz till the dough puffed up away above the pan. He riz till that pan of dough was as high as the table. He riz till that pan of dough was as high as the mantelpiece. He riz so that the next morning that whole kitchen was just a solid mass of dough, and up the chimney it was still keeping on rising and rising and rising. Now, when the cook got up before it was light and came downstairs with her shoes in her hand and found she couldn't get the kitchen door open she was cross. She didn't know it was because the whole kitchen was full of dough. She thought the little girl had tied the handle of the door with a string. So she went out at the front door and around to the back door to get in that way, but when she looked at the kitchen windows and saw it was all solid white inside she was scared. Then she looked up at the roof of the house and saw dough coming out of the chimney and slowly making it's way down the slanting roof. When she had touched it and tasted it she was speechless with delight. Without waiting so much as to go upstairs and pack her clothes, she ran down to the railway station, and took a ticket for the king's palace.

The dough rose and it rose, and after a while the people in the house rose, because they thought it was about time for breakfast. When the little girl's father discovered what had happened he was wild with joy and sent for his neighbors, who came with buckets and barrels. He sold them the dough at a great reduction. He was congratulating himself on his wonderful good fortune when he had two thoughts. The first was: "Where is the cook?" and the second, "Where is the other half of that yeast cake?"

He put two and two together and decided the cook had taken the other half of that yeastcake to sell to the king. I had not mentioned that the cook had the other half of the yeastcake, but the cook had not mentioned it, either.

When the little girl's father thought of this sad fact he became so depressed that it affected the atmosphere, until there was so much depression in the atmosphere that it in time affected George. He was unable to rise against the dead weight. He had almost outgrown his strength, anyhow, and this was the last straw. He stopped growing. Though the people mined enough dough out of the kitchen to last them for three weeks, the supply came to an end at last.

Long before that time the cook had returned from an unsuccessful attempt to sell the king the other half of the yeastcake, and, as servants were hard to get in that part of the country, they were glad to have her back again.

They tried that night making bread with the other half of the yeastcake, but though they sat up all night and their neighbors assembled to watch the proceedings, nothing happened. But ever since that time the people of the neighborhood have taken the greatest interest in breadmaking, in the hope that some day they will discover another ambitious yeastplant like George.

■

A Chinese Game.

Many of the games that our Yankee Doodle babies play are quite similar to those played by the children of the orient. For instance, the Chinese game of "fishing by hand" is like our blind man's buff.

The blinded leader holds out his hands, palms down, and all the players strive to touch them without being caught. If the fisherman guesses the name of the player when he succeeds in catching one the one caught must be blinded; if he cannot guess the fisherman must pay the forfeit.

There is more to the game than there is to ours, for after a while the fisherman says: "The tide is rising." This makes the children jump about and clap their hands and make believe that the fish are playing around in great glee because the tide is in. Again, the fisherman will say: "The tide is low." Then the children move about as silently as if they were shod with velvet, which makes catching them a much harder task.

■

The Dervish.

Every circus or wild west show that comes to town has a "whirling dervish" for one of its attractions. These are wonderful creatures. The real dervishes are Mohammedans from Persia, a set of men who devote, or are supposed to devote, their entire time to religion and are, perhaps, as nearly like monks as anything else. Fastings for days at a time, with continual prayer, at last effects their minds and they see wonderful visions, which they disclose to their superstitious brothers, over whom they have great influence. They are always miserably poor, living on charity, and earn what little they have by being hired to mourn at funerals or to conduct religious ceremonies.

Some of these men perform wonderful tricks, such as fire eating, juggling and walking on broken glass. How they do them may never be known by us, but their countrymen believe they are invested with supernatural power. Whirling takes years of practice, but finally they become so expert and are so used to it that they can "whirl" for hours without becoming dizzy.

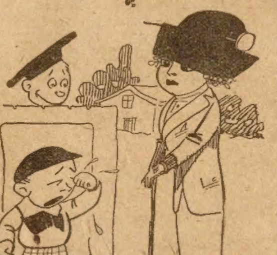
■

THE POLITE CROW.

"I shouldn't think a scarecrow," said a rooster to a crow.
"Would keep you out of any place where you would like to go;
To fly away, or run away from such a thing—oh, fie!—
You'd really laugh at scarecrows if you were brave as I."

The farmer man was coming, and the farmer man said "Shoo!"
And the rooster lifted up his heels and to the barnyard flew;
And I think the crow was most polite and well behaved, don't you?
For he didn't even giggle at the cock-a-doodledoo.

■



Kind Lady—Why, what's the matter, my little man?

Willie—I went an' bet Tommy Jones that if I stood here an' cried you'd give me a nickel an' now I lose.

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